

*J. Stanley - [unclear]*

**EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE**

SECRETARY, CHAIRMAN  
A. G. [unclear] & B. [unclear]  
[unclear] W. S. [unclear]  
[unclear] A. V. [unclear]

OF THE  
CHONGCHIN MISSION

OFFICE OF CHAIRMAN  
CHONGCHIN (CHONGCHIN), CHONGCHIN

STENOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT IN THE U. S. A.

**RECEIVED**

JAN 4 1937

George T. Scott, B.D.,  
156 5th Ave.,  
New York City,  
U.S.A.

*cont.*

**FILED**  
APR 9 1937  
21-7  
**SECRETARIES**

Dear Dr. Scott,

I am enclosing a copy of the actions of the Executive Committee taken at its recent meeting, Nov. 28 - Dec. 1. I am very sorry that I have not been able to get them off to you before this, but with very little assistance in getting the 20 copies made of each and a good deal of other correspondence to attend to as well as a week end in Taiku where I had to go on other matters have kept me pretty well occupied.

*Nalwood*  
*11.12.19*

I will make a few comments on the V actions first. These have just been sent around the Mission for vote, so I will not be able to let you know that they have been actually passed for some time yet.

*Reel #6 Series II, R.G. 140-4-12*

V.949. Study in Japan. This action grew out of a suggestion which originally came from the Committee on Guidance for New Missionaries. The rapid "Japanizing" of much of the life of this country in recent years, makes it increasingly necessary that we missionaries should know and appreciate better the background from which these influences come. There seems to be no way of coming into a proper understanding of them without going to Japan and coming into touch with them first hand and meeting with both missionaries and some of the leading Japanese Christians. This action if put into operation will do much to add to the efficiency of the work of the Mission. As to the cost to the Board, at a rough estimate, <sup>per missionary</sup> Y150 would cover the cost of travel and leave a little over for help in connection with board. It will of course, require a good deal of correspondence and careful planning in order to see that the time is spent to the best advantage and in connection with the best people over there.

V.950. Japanese Language Study. This I think requires no special explanation. The question has been up before at various times and the need for it is becoming increasingly urgent, with the great spread of the knowledge of the language throughout the country. In fact many of the officials and school children now read books in Japanese with greater ease and rapidity than those written in Korean.

*21-11*

V.951. Mr. and Mrs. Cooks' Assignment. The 3 months of their assignment in Taiku will be finished at the end of December and after that we recommend them being sent to Chairyung for 3 months. It is becoming the conviction of most of us that the Cooks should not be returned to Manchuria even though conditions make it possible for others to return. There are various stations which have asked for their permanent assignment, Chungju, Chairyung and Taiku, and at Mr. Cooks request, he is being assigned to these places for 3 months at a time to get an idea of the needs

... to be given further consideration at the next meeting of the Executive Committee.

21-11  
V.953. Mrs. A. Campbell's Letter of Absence. Mrs. Campbell's good father has been living with them for the last two or three years, and last spring had a very bad stroke. He has not been at all well since and is still very much of an invalid and requires constant care. The feeling is that it would be far wiser for him to return to America and it will be necessary for Mrs. Campbell to accompany him. The family will of course bear the entire expense.

21-11  
V.954. O.R. Avison House Furnace. This action is a little out of the usual procedure but seemed wise under the circumstances. Houses left vacant in Seoul are always visited by vandals who break out electric light fixtures and do all sorts of damage. This was found to be the case in the house now occupied by the Ludlows as well as others. The O.R. Avison house can be rented if there is a furnace in it at once and inasmuch as a furnace is available at Severance we all felt it was the wisest course to take, and so recommended.

21-10  
V.954. Transfer of Andong Church Property to Presbytery Juridical Person. Some two or three years ago the Board gave permission for the transfer of the Andong City Church site to be transferred to the presbytery's juridical person and this is just the completion of that act. I mean that the property here mentioned are some old buildings on that site which have been used by the church there for some time in which the Board's equities are not large, the amounts being mentioned in the action.

In regard to the "I" actions;-

I.808. Dr. Leber's Itinerary. You will notice that we have arranged for him to visit each station and then at the end of his trip he will have two days with the Executive Committee in Taiku so as to have an opportunity to talk over with the members some of the main questions which need to be discussed at that time. I am expecting to send him shortly a typewritten sheet on each Station so as to give him an outline of what to expect and whom he will see and what the main features of the work are, in advance. I only hope that he will not be too tired and worn out by the time he arrives here!

7.22  
P  
I.809. Request for Full Exchange. We are very grateful for the fact that 10% of the cuts on our salaries have been made up, but would point out that the fact that we are not allowed to receive the full exchange means that we are receiving very much more than a 10% cut in our incomes. This too in the face of steadily rising prices all about us in the staple food stuffs and fuel etc. Salaried people throughout the Japanese Empire are feeling the effects and there have been articles in the newspapers recently on the matter. The members of our Mission are finding it more difficult to make ends meet than almost ever before in spite of every effort to economize. With the "cuts" in salaries and native work classes in force at the same time we are being pressed hard. As it is now, for years, almost every itinerator has to report a deficit at the end of the

...in his itinerating account which he has to make up himself. All secretaries and personal help are to be paid for entirely by the missionaries personally. For years now it has been a Mission rule that all mission travel must be 3rd class only and we find that it does not make for best work to have to ride all day or all night in a 3rd class carriage crowded with smoking opelies etc, in preparation for a committee meeting! With the rise in automobile taxes, quite a number of the men who have thus far been able to keep their own cars have had to let them go and we are now reduced to walking while itinerating, which again saves neither time nor strength and energy. Others have been reduced to cooking their own meals in the country because of being unable to afford the additional expense of country cooks. I have heard of one doing it behind closed doors rather than let his friends know to what extremities he has been forced.

The second clause of this same action requests that the Board extend children's allowances to the 32nd birthday for those still in school. There are comparatively few who actually finish college before that date and the last year or so, with no children's allowance coming in is a very heavy burden on the parents. This is especially true of later years since the tuitions and expenses have been going up at the same time as living expenses out here so that we have not had as it almost impossible to put aside during the earlier years of a child's life in order to have a little ahead for the heavy expenses during the years in college. I very much hope that the Board may be able to give this matter favourable consideration.

I.810. Payment of Children's Allowances in America. This question has been a subject of correspondence between Mr. Russell Carter and Mr. Genso and others recently I understand. I will try and write to Mr. Carter directly on the question or have Mr. Genso do so. The reasons for this action are two-fold. At present the full allowances are sent out here and the money usually (on request of the parents) paid directly to the children in college and then charged out here again. This means that the parents are always 2 or 3 months behind in settling up the matter and sometimes, as recently, when the charges are late in coming out we have two months removed from our salaries at one time. ~~Not only so, the income taxes in this country are continually being raised and ~~will~~ ~~at present~~ if all these ~~sums~~ children's allowances which are actually never received out here at all, are figured in, the increase of the tax will of course be very much higher. After receiving Mr. Genso's letter of the subject I sent out a letter to all the parents here who have children now in college in America and had an almost unanimous desire expressed that the allowances be paid directly in America and not charged out to the field at all.~~

I.811. Mrs. Baugh's Furlough Study. Through some oversight Mrs. Baugh's name dropped out of the requests for furlough study at Annual Meeting and we are now making a special request for her.

I.813. Appreciation of Dr. Stevenson's Visit, I have already

B  
342

the amount of the allowance is being increased

2011

written to Dr. Stevenson, both personally and on behalf of the Mission expressing to him our very deep appreciation of his faith to us and for the comfort and strength which we received through him and Mrs. Stevenson and her sister. I am confident that his acquaintance with us and with some of the government officials in these complicated days will prove to have been very helpful and his sympathy with us all in the difficulties of the situation which we are now facing was a great comfort.

I.815. Centenary Committee Report. Enclosed is a copy of the covering letter mentioned, a copy of which is also being sent to Mr. Herrick Young to whom I am also sending direct the copy of the "Answers to Inquiries". I hope to send the copy of the Summary Mission Report as written by Mr. Phillips, in a few days.

21-11  
I.817. Miss Stevens' Salary Adjustment. Thus action was taken in view of the sudden leave of absence for Miss Ingerson in connection with Mrs. Chisholm's health leave. It left Miss Stevens alone with the expense of maintaining a large house to meet and it seemed only fair that under the circumstances she should be granted the privilege of drawing the 60% of a married couple's salary, during that time.

21-11  
I.818. Mr. & Mrs. F.S. Millers' Retirement. Mr. and Mrs. Miller are leaving in a few days for a two or three months visit to China and the Philippines returning to Chungju in time for Mrs. Miller to open up the Women's Bible Institute of which she has been the principal since it was founded. The Millers are at present planning to remain on in Chungju until after Miss Davie has returned from her furlough which will be in the Fall of 1938. During that time, there will be no evangelistic women in the Station from present indications and it will be a great help to the station and to its work for the Millers to remain.

I.819. Mrs. Harvey's Retirement. This takes place next February but we have asked and she has consented to remain on for a few months to take charge of the Women's Bible Institute in the spring and thus make it easier for Miss Covington to get into the work after her long absence from the field. It seems very unfortunate that after the long years of service which she has given to the work here Mrs. Harvey's retiring allowance is only \$495.56 in accordance with advice received from Mr. Carter.

15  
I.820. Mrs. Pieters' Appointment. I am sorry that this question has had to come up again but there seemed no other way out of it. Mr. Pieters showed us a letter which he had received from Dr. McAfee, dated March 29 1934, indicating that if and when the Board began to send out new missionaries, if Miss Cooper's name should be placed at or near the top of the list by the Mission, the Board would be ~~inclined~~ favourably inclined to consider a request for her appointment. In the same letter the matter which seems to be the source of the difficulty is the question as to whether or not Mr. Pieters would be entitled to receive the regular pension of a married man on his retiring. Mr. Pieters points out that his wife is as doing as much for the Mission as any one of a number of married women and he feels that not only is she entitled to it on that score but also in view of the Board Manual's statement that "missionary

...are intended to provide a reasonably comfortable living which is not the case in his own experience at present.

Mr. Pieters feels strongly that as a matter of principle he should be granted a married man's salary from the beginning of this fiscal year, until the time of his retirement, four years hence. He is ready to himself pay for Mrs. Pieters' travel when he retires and will expect to receive the pension of a single man only together with any supplement payments he may have purchased. The Executive Committee took this action in the earnest hope that the Board may see its way clear to reconsidering the former decision.

2371  
I. 222. Re-Pyongyang Schools. I will expect to write you again within a few days on the present status of the educational situation, which is still in a complex condition. At the time of Mr. Stevenson's visit several of the leading Korean Christians in Pyongyang voiced the popular sentiment which was very strongly in favour of the schools there being kept going at all costs. The Christians thoroughly agreed that under the present circumstances the Mission and the Church could not continue them as Church schools, but for the sake of the students now attending and for the many others in future years, a tentative offer was made to buy out the school properties at their original cost and take them over under Korean management. Dr. Stevenson heard the arguments and said that he would write to the Board on the general question. I did not write at the time as I was waiting until some definite and concrete plan or proposition was received. At our recent Executive Committee meeting we had a request from Pyongyang that we would cable the Board asking for their approval of the proposition for selling in whole or in part, at cost price, the school properties there in order that it might be possible for their existence to be continued. After a good deal of discussion in the Committee we felt that as yet there was not sufficiently definite a proposition before us that would warrant us cabling the Board and we therefore took the action recorded. There is a great question in the minds of a good many as to whether or not we will actually be able to close the schools in view of the very strong public opinion against such a move. It will undoubtedly be very difficult and will in all probability result in a very unfavourable reaction on the part of the public at least. I am expecting to leave for Pyongyang tomorrow in order to discuss the matter with the station and also to represent the Mission and the Executive Committee before some of the leading Koreans there who have taken a strong stand on the question. I will try and write to you from there as to results.

I will now take up a few matters which you referred to in your letter of Nov. 5th and that have also arisen from other sources;

Dr. Samuel Moffett. As to the advisability of Dr. Moffett's return, in view of condition out here just now and also in view of his health conditions, while we feel it wiser for him not to return to this country, ~~inasmuch~~ ~~as~~ his personal property is all here which may need his attention but even apart from that we are not willing to formally vote for his non-return.

Dr. and Mrs. G.S. McCuik. We were very much distressed to hear

-6-

of Mrs. McCune's accident and trust that she will make a rapid and complete recovery. How fortunate it was that she was in the Presbyterian Hospital at the time. It is possible that she would have died had she not arrived here until nearly two weeks ago. The date which she would have arrived here would mean the beginning of the summer, under these circumstances it was the opinion of the Executive Committee that he could probably accomplish more for Japan during the summer months by doing promotional work in America and returning in the Fall.

21-11  
F.C.I  
4

Dr. Chisholm. You asked for my opinion on Dr. Chisholm and his attitude towards the New Board. He and I had a discussion on the question last summer at which time he told me that he felt led to the work in Syonchun and had thus far no thought that the Lord was leading him elsewhere. Since then I have had no further conversation with him. He is doing a most unique work in Syonchun and it would be a tragedy for that Station if he did not return. We are anxious to hear word as to how Mrs. Chisholm's health is progressing and trust that she will make rapid improvement.

21-11

Mission's Rules and By-Laws. I am mailing under separate cover copies of the Mission's new Rules and By-laws which have just come from the press. Dr. Rhodes as Chairman of the Rules and By-Laws committee is largely responsible.

copy in  
line 21

Mr. Cook's Vacation Expenses. In our meeting of June 26th immediately prior to Mission Meeting, we took the following action;—"Recommend that the Mission request the Board to make a special appropriation of Y300.00 to cover a month's vacation in Japan for Mr. and Mrs. Cook, as advised by their medical officer and approved by the Executive Committee". This action was passed by the Mission in its annual meeting and forwarded to the Board but thus far no reply of any kind has been received. Mrs. Cook was ill with ~~scarlet~~ fever last winter and was a very long time in making a recovery from it and that together with all the anxiety and uncertainty through which they passed up until they evacuated Simpin resulted in their both being very run down. Dr. Leggate, the medical officer in Simpin under the Scotch Presbyterian Mission, on his own volition recommended that a special vacation be granted the Cooks on account of their physical condition and in view of the last clause of par. 197 in the Board Manual the Executive Committee felt justified in making this recommendation.

Manchurian Work. It had been the opinion of a good many that Simpin, had though evacuated by the American missionaries who were working among the Koreans, would be quite feasible as a station for the Scotch who were working among the Chinese. With that opinion accordingly the Scotch Presbyterians moved out there in October or November planning to occupy the station during the winter. Word has just been received however that they found it quite impossible to open their mission hospital there and so the doctor has returned on furlough and the clerical workers have returned to Moukden or other stations. Unless conditions radically improve in the next few months it is going to be very difficult for the Allen Clarks to plan to return there next winter as they very much desire to do.

In his letter to me of August 2nd, 1925, Dr. Hearse raised questions about the wording of the Executive Committee for the Talk Hospital, feeling that in certain instances it was unfortunate and failed to make adequate provisions. The matter was referred to Talk Station and Dr. Fletcher who reported back again to the Executive Committee. The ones most deeply concerned feel that there is no real need to make the changes suggested by Dr. Hearse and the Executive Committee after hearing the explanation felt inclined to agree with them.

21-11  
Dred

Miss Nellie Covington. We were much disappointed to hear that Miss Covington's return has again be postponed and hope that before long she will be restored entirely to health. Just a short time before the word was received, one of the members of the Executive Committee asked me to write to the Board and urge that Miss Covington's nervous condition be carefully gone into before she is sent back. From reports received from members of the Mission who have seen her in recent months, the fear was expressed that nervously, she was not yet in proper condition to return and to take up the burden of the work.

22-85

Centennial De-legate. I will delay answering this until I have had opportunity of seeing Dr. Ludlow in Severance Hospital, who has just written to me asking me to confer with him on the matter. I hope to see him before I return home from Pyongyang.

Before closing this unpardonably long letter, I must also refer to one or two "I" actions which I failed to take notice of.

2

I. 824. Estimate of New Missionaries Needed. I was again asked to write to the Board calling their attention to the need for new missionaries. There are now 129 missionaries on the roll of the mission with 6 more retirements to take place during the next 5 years, which will then bring the number down to 123. Our highest number was 162, during 1925-26. If the Board is able to send out 8 new members each year for the next 5 years, making a total of 30 during that time, it will bring our force up to 148 which seems about the minimum number under which we can operate effectively. The Mission is now asking for 25 new workers; 8 evangelistic men and 6 women, 3 educational women, 5 doctors and 3 nurses. The 5 prospective retirements will all create vacancies which will also have to be filled. Unless reinforcements are sent out soon we will be unable to maintain the 9 stations for which we have assumed responsibility as a Mission and as we are now carrying on several of us are under a severe strain, especially in the smaller stations.

I. 826. Reply to Dr. Scott's Letter. As I called your attention to this before, I need only remind you that the order of the sections in this action ~~xxx~~ is somewhat different from that in the letter which I write to you reporting on them.

Very sincerely yours,  
T. Stanley Soltan

Musong, Manchuria  
Jan. 7, 1937

Dear Papa

We left Peking at four days before yesterday and arrived in Tientsin at 6:08. We were met by some one from the C.I.M. Missionary Home ~~and~~ and he put us in rickshaws. We drove up through a city which ~~is~~ looked to me as if it must be as modern as New York. We left there at 11:40 the next night and arrived here at 3:30. The train leaves at 10:50 tonight and arrives at P.Y. at 10:10.

To go back to Monday. In the morning we packed and then in the afternoon we took some parcels of soiled clothes to mail. It took us about one hour and a half to make out the slips seal the parcels with sealing wax and ~~take~~ get them through customs.

W A N P I M N N N . d X W D W N



hairman Tom went for-  
ward on a scouting ex-  
pedition and picked  
out such a nice car  
felt sure it must be  
second class.

He was right though - he  
had made sure - and we  
had a whole section all  
the way here to Mukden.

Four other ladies were in  
in the Roth's compartment  
- six for daytime so we  
could rest better than

Our train leaves at 11:10  
Tokyo time and reaches  
tomorrow morning at 10:10  
as we probably told you

was and that get them through customs.

TELEPHONE  
4611THE YAMATO HOTEL.  
MUKDEN

Jan. 7, 1931.

Dearest Sambo,  
5:35 P.M. Tokyo time  
In an hour and a half  
we have seven o'clock dinner  
and are grateful for the  
change of time.

Last night was not at  
all wearisome. Mrs. & Miss  
Pott were still awake; the  
cars are new and we were  
quite rested enough to  
get up and get ready for  
customs examination  
at 7:45.

Before getting to Shan

Tuesday we had some more packing and left at four. Wednesday morning we went by ricksha to the head of the shopping area and walked all over it. When we got to the bridge we took rickshas and went back by the bank. In the afternoon we went and saw some ruins and also went all around the city in a two hour ricksha ride.

as there are no sleepers, third class from Tientsin to Mukden we went second class and took a compartment with Mr. and Miss Robb. At Shanhai-kuan we changed to third class and <sup>had</sup> a whole section to ourselves.

Lovingly,  
Tom.

Young Sang.

Jan. 10, 1937.

Dearest Sambo -

When we woke up Friday morning near Antung, a grand scamble was beginning to get ready to pass customs once more and in the midst of it Francis Browne appeared, the sole one of the Shefo children awake & his responsibilities. But the other heads began to stir soon & then Tom enjoyed himself thoroughly & breakfasted with them. He was on hand though for trapping, untrapping, & un-ging. He had no duty to pay & neither did the Rotts. Tom was pleased when asked if he had tobacco. The man, of course, knew he didn't.

One of the first things that

happened after we got home was  
the arrival of a market basket  
full of cards and papers - and  
a letter from you and one from  
the boys! and one from Azei.

This talk of home coming is  
pretty good and better than a  
tonic to think about. Still, I don't  
think January is a good time  
for you to go to New York and Mr.  
Blair, who came in almost as  
soon as we got here to learn  
what the last word from you is,  
was greatly pleased very evidently  
with your increased "hime" and  
at first said "Fine! tell him to  
come along." Then he added, "No,  
he'd better probably not get here  
until the end of March or early  
in April. You are still "founder"  
and no foreigner can be found

2.  
willing to take it. Miss Surook's  
place as founder has not been  
filled either.

Mr. Blair wrote you about three  
weeks ago and the situation has  
not changed at all since then.  
The Executive Com. is still to act on  
a request <sup>of Koreans</sup> to buy the property.

A note from Mr. Clark says that  
he also has written you again - es-  
pecially about the new property law.  
I notice however in a Manchukuo  
paper that the law is administered  
in Japan is somewhat changed for  
Korea that any land within 2000  
meters (1.2 mi) of a R. R. forms a  
special area & can only be sold by  
permission of govt. You saw in my  
letter to the boys what that man who  
has lived so long in Japan told me  
about the alien land law in Japan - that  
it is not that foreigners are not sure

and but that those from certain states  
like California - which is in mind to  
ownership of land - can not own it.  
Remember in trying to sell his house  
in 1901 and it was a kindness to be  
mistaken & for only a lease; don't  
remember how long he has been there.

You have received by this time the  
account of receipts from the term.  
I had spent 4 hrs while we were  
away. The last day we were <sup>in Peking</sup> there  
gave you the pleasure of providing  
me a new coat that comes up & keeps  
my feet & car warm. It is very thick  
brown & long & the stripes which were in  
this afternoon we over it more than  
our 2000's. They say it is what Helen  
Lovelace made for my people in America  
say 1000 or, it's rather a job on me but  
not an exp' cadant one.

The rugs are small but very fine  
like our very much indeed. One of  
the 2, 1, 1, girls <sup>scraped</sup> business  
never in winter visit with me there to

got a third one. It is not for sale <sup>3</sup>  
as the others are but goes with them  
nicely & certainly was a buy. Altogether  
so far our presents to Annie have cost  
\$42.60 Mex. You must not let  
time pay for them for I am not a  
good enough buyer for that and have  
taken for granted that was what you  
wanted.  $142.60 \times \frac{3}{16}$  (Exchange is at  $3\frac{1}{3}$ ) = \$42.78

To go back to Friday morning - after  
the letters a slip from the P.O. attracted  
attention and Tom went with Mum to  
see if the parcels from Madison were  
the ones to be claimed. It was from Mrs.  
Stewart, but \$5.15 and holds a nice  
necktie for you and electric trouser  
creaser which will keep you trim, pump  
man, besides nuts, dates, figs and a  
beautiful black handbag.

Hardly was this separated when  
the postman brought the big box of  
candy to the front door. Ed Tom -  
this was Saturday morning was



Lying on my bed sick with a stomach  
ache (we didn't leave our things on the  
train to go to the dining car but had  
crackers & cheese etc. so he proved to  
be very reliable for that or some other  
reason) but though he did not want  
any just then he soon called to see  
& count the bars & knew it would soon  
taste all the better for present distress.

Then Chai Si appeared from the  
rear with another big parcel & a  
note for Waffert. If Waffert meant  
no then postman would run back  
to the cart & bring still another.

He did, and this lady has had  
on top, and ever so many nice  
things no longer our hearts. How  
you all thought & thought some  
wrapped & wrapped to make us such  
a nice Christmas.

How tremendously dear you all  
are!

At last in Hintsin we found a  
gift for you - a 1937 Stamp Catalogue.

If it is something you can surely use<sup>4</sup>  
so it seemed a safe guess. I thought  
S. & H. a look on "Etymology Speaking"  
at the same place - the biggest &  
most complete book store I have seen  
for a good many years. Still I hope  
we are not spending so much that  
all they get is neckties.

Sain wants a book of Persian folk  
tales. I will see what the S. L. S. has. It  
isn't there enough for a nice present  
for each of them. You know best and  
what you decide is all right with  
me & me of us.

With so much love and longing to  
see you -  
Lucia.

I'll like to sit out again tomorrow  
to wait for you as you do what time  
where you seem to belong & where  
house and town seem empty without  
you.

He got a nice carved wood frame  
in Leipzig, jointed to hold lower

pictures. P. Q. M. stands at the left  
in cap & gown, in the two middle  
sections he sits, & at the right stands  
in his own garden. Like it im-  
mensely.

Now we want good ones of you  
& the four boys taken separately but  
all the same size & will send them  
to Mr. Harriett's boys would look well with  
wives.

Dear Papa,

THANKS HEAPS for the presents.

The next one was that about coming  
back in February, though Brother might  
not think so.

Love had been made in  
Mendocino Co. Cal.

Some from hospital in facing a  
unit like that brought in Seoul. A  
body died at both the father & mother  
patented evidently by a discharge of intestine  
& some of the staff: some

had to.

We are praying that you will start home

the minute the pressure here would not be too

great physically.

Dear Sam!

organization with him-  
self as head of the ad-  
visory board.

Have I said thank  
you for our trip?

all the nice things I  
included? Dear Sam!

Don't think me third  
to our many many

blessings - or covetous.

If it is plainly God's  
will that we should

have very little, then  
I know that that

will be best for the  
boys too. But if we  
can make things

easy for them, they<sup>2</sup>  
work hard anyway

I should have a  
series of strings the

left when the finish  
preparatory work.

I did not have  
been sorry so perhaps

say too much.  
Do Sam & Bruce  
seem overworked?

Tom's note to his  
Aunt Nellie is terribly

stiff. He couldn't think  
of one thing to say to a

stranger & was afraid  
to start anything inter-  
esting but he wrote more

CABLE ADDRESS MARQUIS CHICAGO

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November 16, 1936

Dear Sir:

To observe history in the making is indeed a privilege in these fast-moving times. But history, after all, is largely a record of individuals -- of personages. As Carlyle so aptly wrote: "History is the essence of innumerable biographies."

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA is the only volume to which you may turn for up-to-date life-histories of the present-day leaders in American achievement. Your own personal record, as well as the record of 31,433 other outstanding Americans, appears in this new volume, but recently from the press. The life-sketches in this new book have been brought down almost to the day of publication; and it is an interesting fact that 34,058 alterations were made in the sketches appearing in the previous edition, and that 2,786 entirely new sketches have been added.

If you have not already purchased a copy of this new edition for 1936-1937 (Vol. 19), may we suggest that you fill out and return the enclosed card now, so that you may have the use of the book almost from the day of publication.

Yours very truly,

*A. N. Marquis Company*

A suggestion: WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA is an especially welcome Christmas gift for a friend or relative.

Madison, Indiana.

Jan'y 3 1937.

Lucia Deant: The Boys reached Wheaton last Tuesday  
and Wednesday - Howard stayed over in Indianapolis to  
have a "Kooking" of the Lilly ~~drug~~ drug factory  
where Henry Myfett Lee is working.

They had a fine Christmas here - Merry Christmas  
& A Happy New Year are now over and this week  
they settle down to College duties again.

Mom I am wondering about you & Tom and hoping  
that another week will see you back in P. J.

We have started on the supposedly last month of  
my 4 months of quiet and I am beginning to think  
of plans for return to P. J.

Of course as yet you are not to talk of my  
getting back to P. J. It will doubtless be more  
than a month after you receive this before I get  
started from here and I prefer that no one  
except you have any idea as to when I shall  
reach you. My; but how greatly I shall rejoice when  
I can make a move to start back.

Howard & Susie have been as helpful as they

Can be and it has been a great joy to have these months together. Susie at 78 years - is up & around and looks to be about 60. Howard is also out and at work almost every day working on the improvement of his place and looks after all financial affairs.

The Depression was a most tremendous experience and there were hundreds of thousands or even millions who were made to lose all they had laid up for emergency uses in their old age.

We were hit hard but there is a little coming in which may help us a little - about \$500.00 a year perhaps. We can probably expect a little more from time to time as some of the investments are probably to return some slight returns.

A few days ago one of your investments sent in a check for \$16.80  
I will explain the whole situation when I get to you.

I am enclosing some letters and post card - Charles sent me - which will give you some side light from the Boys as they wrote to Charles.

Am interested just now - will write later

Love  
Samuel Adloff

Madison, Indiana.

Jan'y 4 1937

Lucia Dearest: I have just finished the newspaper account of the death of Dr. Macheso - which I fear may cause trouble and an anxiety to the men who have left our mission. I do most heartily wish the Hamiltons may find financial support for their future. Extend to them my sympathy and assure them that they are mentioned in our prayers.

When you get this look over your finances and if you have plenty to reach your expenses for several months - please arrange with Mr. Guss for him to issue to you for payment to Howard D. Moppet - the "blue slip" by which he says to any one in America a ~~blue~~ blue slip for One Thousand Dollars payable to Howard D. Moppet. I am arranging for his disbursement of that amount so as to insure for Howard F. Moppet.

Am hoping to go tomorrow to Indianapolis for my passport. My heart & wish I could talk over many things with you. With lots of love to you dearest. Sincerely  
Samuel A. Moppet



Madison, Indiana,

July 10 1937

Lucie Dearest: I am thinking of you as you have returned to P. J. from your trip to Peiping - and am wishing I were with you in the old home there.

I do not know just what is ahead of us. The maritime strike on the Pacific Coast leaves everything in uncertainty and while I am beginning to get things in shape - it is absolutely uncertain as to when the strike is to be called off. I should like to count upon my leaving here about the middle of Feb'y but who knows what the situation will be then.

I have been to Indianapolis - made application for Parshot and in a few days will have that all prepared and in hand. Aunt Susie went with me and stayed over. Now what to do about going to N.Y. - making a short visit with Jim + Elsie - which I want to do and then after another visit here - be ready to start for Seattle - taking in Wheaton, Minneapolis and Rolette on the way.

Now you cannot count on any of this but  
it is a thought which is held before me.  
I am not sure as to whether to go to N.Y. or  
not.

Just a few days ago I received from Treas. of Bd.  
a check for \$150.<sup>00</sup> my December remittance and  
will have all remittances from now on. Made payable  
to Uncle Howard and will have him make them  
over to Howard (our) after my meeting expenses  
for my return to P.Y. (Seattle steamer etc)

Now if you can send an order on Board through  
Mr Genco for \$1000.<sup>00</sup> of which I wrote you this  
last week - account will I think be in very  
good shape - make the \$1000.<sup>00</sup> on "blue slip" payable  
to Uncle Howard. (Howard S. Moffett)

One more item - please do not set any time for  
my return to P.Y. Tell them the "strike" is on  
and my movements are all uncertain.

My - but how I do long to be on the way to you!  
I think Mrs Parker's bill was \$280.<sup>00</sup> but let that  
go until I get back to P.Y.

It seems an awfully long to wait before getting back to  
you and my! how I do long to get there

Love,  
Lorrie's Danks. Samuel A. Moffett

Hope you got your tickets for Tom.

Monrovia Calif.

311 1/2 Wild Rose Ave.

July 5 1937

Dear Tom:

I am glad to hear that you  
are having a good time and hope it  
keeps up.

Make the most of it and let me  
know when you plan to come home.

I received by mail the enclosed  
\$2.00 receipt - which I suppose you  
ought to have in settling accounts.

We took Mother to the "Kimball Sanitarium"  
and we are hoping for good treatment  
there. Keep on praying for her.

Enclose letters for Sam & Howard.

Send them back to me. Take time to  
read them and a second time.

Lovingly  
Father

Samuel Sulzberger

Menrovia Calif.

July 8 1937.

311½ Wild Rose.

Dear Tom:

How greatly I miss you  
and yesterday & today especially. Mr  
Mrs Cobb had a touch of the sun  
and has not been here for two days.  
So I have gotten dinner as well as  
breakfast & supper.

I wish I could tell of Mother's  
condition. Keep on praying. She is  
at the "Sanitarium" and we hope  
for improvement.

When do you come home - and do you  
have another camp at Catalina? If  
so on what date?

Where are your letters. I have received  
only one postal card. Lovingly

Samuel A. Moggill

Father

Monrovia, Calif.

Aug. 17. 1937

Dear Lucia: I have just sent  
off a small package to you by  
Parcel Post which I hope soon  
reaches you.

It contained undersare, garters,  
hair pins &c.

Howard F. got off this morning  
Mr. Brodhead taking him to the  
edge of city towards Carpenter's as  
had work this morning at that edge  
of city. That was a good start off.  
Will try to get the other things  
you want.

May the Lord richly bless you  
and give you wanted strength and  
may he watch over you.

Have written to Samlet and  
asked for a postal if he is  
too busy to ~~write~~ write.  
Hope to have a good letter from  
him when I go in to see you again.  
With lots + lots of love to you  
and another prayer to keep you  
in the Father's keeping.

Love  
Samuel S. S. S.

Mourovia, Calif

Dec, 23, 1937

Lucia Dearest:

Today is your 60<sup>th</sup> Birthday and this  
Carries to you a great big message of love.

May it bring to you a great Cheering of love and  
devotion and may you be brought to rejoice in your  
Children and their love and accept this also from  
your devoted husband.

I think you will be able to come to our home  
and spend Christmas with us and ~~and~~ that will be  
the greatest Birthday and Christmas gift we can possibly imagine.  
If all goes well Sam and I will come to you on  
Friday afternoon and bring you here to this home even  
though it is not our ordinary one - but with Mother  
and wife in it - it will certainly mean a new home for  
where Mother and wife are - there is home.

You will be able to stay a few ~~days~~ days with us  
and then shortly after that be able to come on and stay  
permanently with us

With loads and loads of love to you my dearest

Your Sambo

Samuel A. Moffett

Wheaton College  
Wheaton, Illinois  
January 3, 1937

Dear Mother and Tom:

It's winter again today, now that vacation is over, and we have no more time to go ice-skating. All vacation balmy breezes swept the campus bringing thaws and rains and no ice. It was pretty handy though for hitch-hiking.

And I think I'll stick to hitch-hiking. Coming from Indianapolis I reached West Lafayette and there was discouraged by a driving cold rain. So I thought I'd give in and take the rest of the trip in luxury by Greyhound. But the bus was an hour late to begin with, and then about 100 miles from Chicago broke down. I waited around for a while, and then got tired, and besides I was in a hurry to get home by midnight, so I got out and picked up a ride from a passing car into Chicago. Now I'm trying to see if I can't get a refund on the ticket.

After we wrote our letters last Sunday--no it was Friday-- Charlie and Marion called up, around ten o'clock, and we had to rout father out of bed in a hurry before the telephone tolls mounted up too high. Jim and Eleanor had called up in the morning. Betty left Sunday, and that evening we had a big discussion on spiritualism, telepathy and demon possession and kindred subjects. Also I spent part of the evening in a rather unusual occupation for the Sabbath--trying to find some swing music on the radio for Aunt Susie. She had read a Readers Digest article on it, and thought it would be nice, and I was trying to convince her it was just a violent form of jazz.

Monday we set out by thumb for Indianapolis, and this time instead of kicking Betty out to sleep on the sofa, we were allotted the davenport, for her roommate had arrived from Chicago. The girls cooked and we washed dishes, and we all survived. We called up Henry Moffett Lee and he came over that evening and invited us to go through Eli Lilly's, the largest pharmacist company in the world, where he works. Later we went up to visit Cousin Mary Yautz, and also met her sister Helen and her daughter Katherine, who is bursar of a big private school in Washington D.C. We had a grand time there rifling the pantry for coca-cola and cookies. The next morning I had to leave, but Howard and Betty went through the drug plant.

Back to Wheaton and more Tower work. Howard arrived the next day just in time to go with me to the leap year party at the new girls'

3 Jan.



dorm. And then the next day, more work and in the evening another leap year date--last chance. Howard was invited by Fosa Bell and I by Eugenia Berry, a senior; Peter Stam III and Pauline Winslow completed the party. We played games, the girls took us down town and treated us at the Chatterbox. We ended up to see the New Year in at a watch night service at the college church of Christ.

Yesterday I slept most of the morning, but did manage to pull myself up in time to get up to New Years Dinner at the College Church at 1, and the program after it. That evening Howie and I went over to play rook where Eleanor is staying with her and Genevieve Hinote. I'm wrong--that was Friday, New Years.

And now in two days school begins. At least I can be thankful it begins on Tuesday, with two classes for me, and not Monday on which I have three. But exams are around the corner. And our next Tower deadline is the 15th.

How's the world traveler, Mutso. Didn't the bandits get you? We didn't hear from you last week, so we suspect the worst--either bandits or a train-wreck or war. Whatever happens don't forget to brush your teeth.

Lots of love,

  
S. H.

Wheaton College  
Wheaton, Illinois  
January 10, 1936

Dear Mother and Tom:

This has been a good week, a real blessing. Last Sunday evening I went in to the Pacific Garden Mission down on South State Street Chicago, the bad district, with Jack Murray who was preaching, and ~~and~~ Eleanor, Helen and Charlotte Stephens, the daughters of the evangelist. It was a wonderful meeting, the first I've been to down there. At the invitation nine or ten came forward. One was a college graduate who had come to the city ten years ago, had fallen into a life of crime and had just finished a jail sentence of five years. The evening before he had dropped in to listen, had spent a miserable night under conviction and had been forced to come back and accept the Lord this night. Another had been a Sunday School superintendent fifteen years ago and had fallen away. Two of the men were well-dressed, others were down-and-outers--they are all alike in God's sight. After the service we came back to the Stephens' apartment and ruffled up a midnight lunch out of the ice-box. And this Sunday out at Mooseheart I was dumfounded when my Sunday School class corrected me on a point of Paul's stay at Philippi, and I discovered that the fellows are really studying the lesson during the week, which was more than I ever expected from them. They didn't even listen at first, and now they're studying. The biggest, toughest fellows of the lot has even appointed himself monitor to keep the others quiet while I'm talking.

As you can probably see, we've run out of stationery and are down to second-sheets like this.

Got in at two o'clock Friday night--it was a mistake, and no habit. I went over to Dick Tallmadge's place to check up on my Mediaeval Philosophy notes, starting out with some home-made ice-cream sodas of root beer and ice-cream, then drifting pleasantly into philosophy. But we soon wandered off into a long bull-session touching on everything from free-will and predestination (Dr. Clark is absolutely Calvinistic) to ranches in the West (Dick's father owns some). And all of a sudden I woke up to look at my watch--2 a.m. I had to wake Pat up to get into the house. Tallmadge is another of the few Greek majors in school, and pulls down a steady 95 average.

First proofs for the Tower came back from the engraver this week, and they really look nice. The photographer is holding us up now by not getting out our gosses, to complete the class panels, and

we have to meet that deadline Friday. We just finished up our soccer pictures yesterday, the poor fellows had to get out in 10° weather in their thin orange jerseys and shorts. Two nights this week I was out at the home of Karl Phoads, manager of the student supply store and our photography editor, printing up enlargements of our athletic action snaps.

Last night I went on the Junior Class skating party, while Howard was playing basketball, and beating the Oak Park Y.M.C.A. by a 45-25 score, or so. This was the team that gave them their only defeat so far earlier in the season. I had a grand time. The floor wasn't crowded, and everyone skated well. I escaped unscathed, but almost demolished Eleanor against the wall several times.

Elizabeth wrote us a nice letter inviting us back to Indianapolis any time we could make it, both for herself and Cousin Mary Kautz. And I think we told you that Uncle Azel and Aunt Alice sent us two lovely ties for Christmas, as well as some stamps.

Well, Mutso, how was China? They've had some quite exciting times over there recently, haven't they. It was fun to hear radio announcers mispronounce the names of the Chinese generals. I wanted to get in and see Perry and Vines play tennis last night, but couldn't make it. Vines had the flu, and Perry won easily, 6-0, 6-2, 6-3.

A reassuring note, mother, should be the fact that I've bought a bottle of cod-liver-oil tablets to keep up my resistance this winter. Maybe that will make up for that two o'clock bull-session Friday night.

Lots of love,

*Sam*  
Sam Hugh

Wheaton College  
Wheaton, Illinois  
January 17, 1927

Dear Folks:

Not a bit of news this week, except that we got off about 80 pieces of engraver's proof yesterday. McEwan and I picked up all the panels we could find around the office, which was in a grand mess after the way we've been rushing things this week, shoved in everything else around the office and tore for Chicago. (Incidentally, I got messed up on the bus because I lacked three cents of the dime fare, and all the other fellow had was a five dollar bill...that was Roberts interfering while I was out of the room.) If this epistle sounds disconnected, it is because the room is full of Roberts, Howard, Burt Jones, Willard Wellman and Carl Henry ~~are~~ discussing the authorship of Hebrews, and I have to put ~~xxxx~~ my oar in now and then.

But to get back to Saturday--McEwan and I caught the Roaring Elgin with a minute to go, tore into Jahn and Ollier's with our bundles, arranged to put in seven imperfect senior panels under the discount deadline until the photographer should make them good; then we ran for a new streamlined streetcar, heading for Root Studios to make arrangements there. On to the elevated with McEwan hot on my heels, we caught it just as it was leaving, and made the last Roaring Elgin that could get me out to Wheaton Dining Hall in time for dinner. As it was I had to leave all the packages and panels to McEwan while I sprinted the five blocks from the station and arrived hot and panting and all in a dither just as the doors were swinging shut.

Just the day before, I had to go into the city with more copy, that time with Aldeen, this time with less rush. The only hitch came, as Roberts indicated above, when we attempted to board a Washington Boulevard bus in the rush hour, and discovered that our only resources were three cents (mine) and a five dollar bill (Aldeen's). The look we got from that bus driver sizzled. We had more work to do at the photographers than we expected, and I was due to give the critique at an exchange of talent Arrow program. Seeing I couldn't make it I had to call up Wheaton to find a substitute. At least I got back in time for an after-Lit date I had with Ann Beckley. We went to the Camera Club's travelogue--movies of the Johnson-Chippewee Peruvian expedition on which they discovered the Great Wall of Peru. Ann lives with the Welsh's, and afterwards we went over there to raid the ice-box and play battle-ship.

Tuesday we made up a table in the dining hall for a birthday dinner for Tom Lindsay and Barbara Boyes (of the Scoville Memorial Church in Detroit) and Norrie Aldeen.

We played a dirty trick on Wellman the other day. Roberts and Jones got Ila Mae Payne to call him up, pretending she was Ed Presser, and asking him to come over to the house and make candy Friday evening. Wellman got all excited about the date, dressed scrupulously and

trotted over to Dresser's, but Edid had been warned, and when Mellman knocked Nick Dresser came to the door and expressing complete astonishment told ~~me~~ him there was no party there. Willard still hasn't discovered who did him dirt.

Your letters from Peking are intensely interesting. I'll never cease to be thankful that I got to go there. So snake-eye Nutso knows all the alleys of Peking cold now. Sounds like the way Howie and I used to roam around Rome. Strange cities are most intriguing. Incidentally, Tom, what patrol are you in--you have new names now don't you.

There were a couple of basketball games and wrestling matches this week that I got gypped out of, thanks to Tower work. But I can relax now for a bit. Midyeaks exams are coming up. And in philosophy I swooped far, far down - last six-weeks I got a 102, and this time I got all of a 63, which scales up to an 85. That is right bad, even though the highest grade was an 81. It looks as if I get my first 85 this semester, unless I can sock the final with a bang.

Church time--farewell, with lots of love.

Jim

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WHEATON ILLS JAN 24 1937

SAMUEL A MOFFETT

MADISON IND

HAPPIEST GREETINGS FATHER ON THIS YOUR BIRTHDAY AND ANNIVERSARY OF  
YOUR LANDING IN KOREA STOP WISH WE COULD BE WITH YOU TO HELP CELEBRATE  
STOP READ DEUTERONOMY THIRTY THREE TWENTY FIVE AND TWENTY SEVEN LOVE

SAM AND HOWARD

314P

Wheaton College  
Wheaton, Illinois  
February 7, 1937

Dear Mother and Tom:

Here it is the second week of February already. The year is flying past, and I don't know yet what I'm going to be doing this summer. We've certainly been enjoying your accounts of the Peking trip. You're seeing things Mutso, and remembering them as well, which is more important. Incidentally, just after we read your letter telling about the teacher from Missouri (?) India, we met Glenn Ogden, a cousin of Delle's whose folks are missionaries in India. He graduated from the place in January, and came to America up through Irak, Turkey and Europe, making his own way.

Howie's establishing a habit of going to town in basketball now. In the game Thursday night against George Williams College, the team which beat us by 20 points or so earlier in the season, he put on the closing spurt which gave us the game 28-25. We started out with a bang and rang up a 6 point beginning lead. But in the second half they whittled this down until we were barely holding ahead by one point, and then old Miffett comes in, with five minutes to go. Right off he was given a foul shot, and sank it, a minute later followed it up with a one-hand twist shot from the foul circle, and then did the same thing in the same way again before the opposition woke up. Those five points coming so quickly took the starch right out of their rally and cinched the game.

A letter from Charlie this week. He's getting a bit excited this month over an addition to the family that's on the way. Marion wants twins, but he says he'll be satisfied with anything but quintuplets. It will be grand if Father can get up there and see the baby later, and I wish we could tag along. After all, Howie and I, have never been uncles before. Father writes that about 100 homes were inundated at Madison, and the flood is the worst on record. But the newspapers say its receding, and that it won't affect the Mississippi region thanks to the flood control measures taken after the disasters of 1927. I guess the government will do the same thing to the Ohio valley now, to prevent a repetition of this winter.

Doggone it, I don't trust Roosevelt any more. Newspaper headlines this weekend have been full of his proposal to increase the Supreme Court to 15, and pack it with New Dealers. I doubt if anything will come of it, because opposition is forming fast in the Senate, with men like Borah, Vandenberg and Carter Glass against it.

We broke a tradition last night by making money on our second Tower concert. Generally the spring concert is a flop, but we filled the chapel on 50¢ tickets, which is pretty encouraging. I had a date with Delle. The artist was Alberto Salve, harpist, and he was accompanied by an instrumental quartet. The man was good, and I had never realized what could be done with a harp.

More grades, and more 90's, in philosophy, psychiatry but I will probably get a 95 in Lit. My course this semester is as follows.

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
8:00	(Lunch)	Roman History	(Break)	Philosophy	(Lunch)
9:00	Geography		Geography		Geography
10:30		Romans		Romans	
11:30	Greek		Greek		Greek
12:30	Hist. of Philosophy	(Lunch)	Philosophy	(Lunch)	Philosophy
1:30	(Lunch)		(Lunch)		(Lunch)

Don't worry, for I eat breakfast on Tuesdays and Thursdays too, although its not shown on the chart. It's easy, now that we're eating down here at the house. We have a Korea table-- the three of us, the two Campbells, Clyde Allison and Sid Dodd are all eating here. And it's plenty of fun.

Skating has been good all week, but I've had quite a bit of Tower work. Played some hockey yesterday, though. I forgot to tell you my professors. Dr. Stone in Romans, Dr. Moule in History, Dr. Clark in philosophy, and the rest as before. Registration was a pain, and took extra long, since we had to go through a lot of red tape to get our one-meal dining hall ticket.

And here Mac Smith has been in the room all this time, and I haven't even told you he's out here sleeping with us over the week-end. He finished his exams a week after us, and doesn't register until Tuesday. We went to church together this morning, and heard Dr. McQuilkin. The week of evangelistic services is beginning this Sunday.

But it's time for the evening services now. See that Mutso behaves himself. I'll bet he got sick on that candy we sent.

Lots of love,

Sam







Just a  
dining hall napkin, but  
it's nice

Wheaton College  
Wheaton, Illinois  
February 14, 1937

Dear Mother and Tom:

It's Valentine's day, mother, therefore the festive color. And here's the telegram I'd send you, if I had a chance, though the company's 35¢ offer is really what I'd need, and then it would take more than one telegram. But we can console ourselves for not cabling with the reflection that the arrival of the cablegram would probably be more ~~of~~ of a scare than anything else. We love you, with or without telegrams, mother, and that's what counts.

I'm sure falling down in Greek, mother. Every class so far this new semester I've made some dumb mistake, mostly in grammar. I have to tear through the assignment, and can usually work out a fairly smooth translation, mostly through intuition, I guess, but when she begins to pin me down on constructions, I wilt. Why, I can't even recognize verb forms, anymore. Oh well, I think I'll have fun in Roman History even though Dr. Voule is a stickler for little details, and History of Philosophy is real sport, because I've already had quite a bit of background in the subject.

I've already had a full day today. Mooseheart, and finished the life of Paul, with Daniel coming up next week. Then back to Wheaton, and instead of wasting the hour between Mooseheart and church with trying to get the roommates up, I've discovered that I can attend Sunday School at the College Church. Dr. King, our Tower advisor, is teacher, and a good one, and I figure I'd better learn if I want to teach. Incidentally, I hope you give Howie stern reproof for missing church this morning. They've been placing full reliance on me to get them up Sundays, so today when I missed, they slept. Fine people, my roommates.

The evangelistic services have been great this winter. Dr. McQuilkin has a real message for young people, and his manner of speaking is so informal and human that it naturally appeals to you. In addition to the evening meetings, he has been speaking in chapel every morning, running rapidly through the gospel of John.

The library was closed after the Friday evening service, so I went for a walk with Vary Soltau, who was also foiled in the attempt to get in. Besides it was no weather for studying; spring was here a month early (Of course everything is frozen solid again today, as is the way with Wheaton weather) so we finally ended up at the Chatterbox. And last night I was invited to a Valentine party at Blanchards. There was a gang there--Don Boardman and Bettie Baillie, Tom Lindsay and Barbara Boyes, Skip Neuenschwander and Willard Wellman, John Blanchard

and Charlotte Chappell and Delle and I. We played chess, pingpong, monopoly and roasted marshmallows, and the basketball game gave us an extra half hour.

Which brings me to another paragraph. We beat Elmhurst again last night, and I didn't get to see Howie play, so I can't report how much he starred. It was a game away from home, but they say that there were more Wheaton students over there to watch than Elmhurst could muster up, and we won 37 to 25, I think. That puts the team right up there in conference standing with three victories and one defeat in the conference.

By the way, mother, Adrian Heaton here at the house has applied for the job of music director out at PY to take Mr. Malsbary's place for a year while he's on furlough. Put in a good word for him if you think it will do any good. PY needs some Wheaton graduates, I think, and some straightforward Christian testimony. Adrian is a grand fellow, short, fat and pompous, but a whiz at music. He's president of the glee club, plays the trombone like nobody's business and can get music out of a coathanger.

So you're getting puffed up again, and rude to your elders, Mutso? The idea of calling us names because we forgot the airplane and motorcycle. Next time we'll send arsenic with our candy.

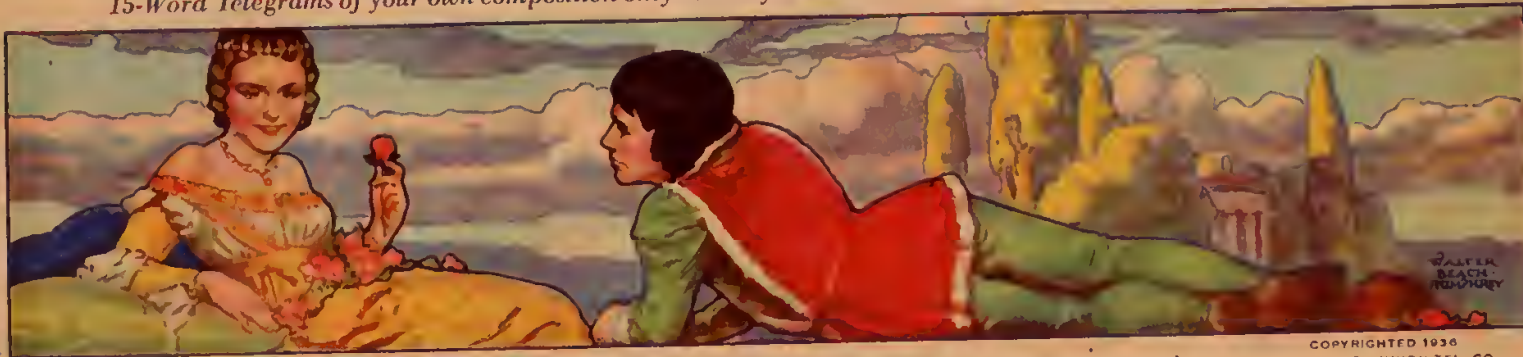
Tell Choisi and Wonsi and the rest, that the bridegroom's outfit they gave me caused a big stir at Junior church the other Sunday. It certainly has come in useful, but I wonder if they got mixed up and thought I was coming over here to get a wife instead of an education. How am I ever going to get out and see them, one of these years.

Keep sweet, Mutso, and lots of love to all,

Sam.

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- 202  Valentine greetings to the sweetest sweetheart of all, my Mother.
- 203  The sweetest story ever told is conveyed to you in this message.
- 204  Just drop me a line and say you'll be mine, sweet Valentine.
- 205  To my Valentine: You've put my heart in such a flutter, I wire the love my lips would utter.
- 206  If you were seven and I were nine, I'd say "Please be my Valentine."
- 207  Through all the years, come rain or shine, I'll always be your Valentine.
- 208  At miles between us we can laugh, our hearts entwined by telegraph.
- 209  Tho' miles apart, from heart to heart, Love sends this line, My Valentine.
- 210  A speedy message of love to the one who is always my Valentine.
- 211  With a dash, a dot and then a stop, insert three words of mine. Please name the date, the hour, the spot, and be my Valentine.
- 212  Oh sweetheart mine, with ways divine, won't you be my Valentine?
- 213  A world of love to the sweetest girl on earth on this St. Valentine's Day.
- 214  Wire back, this address, send collect, one word, YES.
- 215  Lively as the rest, pretty as the best, greetings, Mother.
- 216  Cupid's wings are not so fast; I'd rather send a wire. Then I'm sure my Valentine will set your heart on fire.

If you prefer to compose your own telegram, check here and write it on the reverse side of this blank.

(SIGNED) Sam A. Moffett

Charge account of \_\_\_\_\_ or Phone No. \_\_\_\_\_

Sender's name and address \_\_\_\_\_



**ACCURATE AS**  
*Cupid's Dart*  
**VALENTINE TELEGRAMS**

**LOCAL RATE**  
 AS LOW AS  
20¢

SAVE TIME... Telephone Western Union from home, office or coin box telephone. Select messages by number.

VALENTINE'S DAY—FEB. 14

The  
1938  
Lower

WHEATON COLLEGE, WHEATON, ILLINOIS

SAMUEL MOFFETT, Editor  
NORRIS ALDEEN, Business Manager

Feb. 22, 1938

Dear Mother and Tom:

Well, Muteo - how does it feel to be an uncle?

I guess you'll have to behave from now on, lest Alice Louise be led astray by tales of your wild doings. It's a bit tricky though, having a niece - what does one do with one. Maybe some water would be able to get up to the college with father and pass judgment on the latest information to the tribe.

Practiced hard to North Central with Morris Foster to practice for the exhibition match we were to play between halves of the North Central game next week, but they made us stay and play that evening at the North Central - Armour game. We agreed only on condition that we quit at 7:50 sharp so we could get back for part of the Wheaton-Macomb game. We didn't do so badly, considering that they can practice all winter - we lost the first set 6-2, and stopped the second at 8-8; in time to dash home. But in spite of all our trouble we lost the game 42-30. It did me good to listen

to the man who had said to me - I don't know him, but every time  
I read that name out I'd say loudly, lightly indignant and matter  
about how that Moffatt was with the whole team. I said.

Saturday night, just printed headlines. I guess  
it's looking in the city tomorrow.

Thursday night Jimmie took us to see George Lewis,  
three times Olympic champion, who's at the hotel. He was  
and we were with him, but we never saw much of it. The skating  
was all out before the first performance in all my nights.

The skating rink, I think, is a college affair. It was  
off Friday night, but I figured it would afford to give it  
and was the first. And before we had work to do, we were  
there again.

Friday night, I think, last look by history but  
I'm sure it was a very nice one before they planned to  
not cease to be. Make it right now. I don't know if  
you're to get the money right after for a while. Anyway, I'm sure  
we're still hoping.

Lots of love,  
Jan

Wheaton College,

Wheaton, Illinois.

March 14, 1935

Dear Father:—

We are eagerly expecting you here Thursday as you head for the Pacific Coast. And I'm glad you can be with us for the week-end. And Mother and Tom will be landing in only ten days! I guess Tom will be huge now, compared with what he was when I saw him last.

These weeks are pretty full with Tom's work. I think I told you about my first semester grade - average 91.15, rank 11 in class of 210, which is not as good as it might be. My six weeks exams for this semester have not been so bad, though. In Roman History I got a 96 on the test.

Did I tell you how good Dr. Holdcroft was to us?



We had sent him just a Christmas card, and back his  
with some sheep for \$5 a head at the time. He asked us  
to send it for him when he had his, as we figured that  
there were ten pairs here, not counting the three  
paw and that gives us 50¢ a pair for some party.

By the way, there's a 1000 skating party  
on Thursday night which, since I'm editer, I don't  
suppose I ought to cut. But you'll probably want to  
go to bed early, anyway.

Have you heard anything from Charles about  
the baby? I guess Marion is feeling well again, now.

We're looking for you Thursday, lots of love.

Love,  
Sam.

# THE WHEATON RECORD

W. Dayton Roberts

Editor-in-Chief

Clinton Youle  
Associate Editor

Edmund P. Clowney  
Night Editor

Frank H.E. Wood  
Night Editor

Official Publication

Students of Wheaton College

WHEATON, ILLINOIS

Stanley L. Hrudka

Business Manager

Roy Watson  
Ass't Business Mgr

Edward Jameson  
Advertising Manager

Edwards E. Elliott  
Asst. Adv. Mgr

Wheaton, Illinois

March 28, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

It's nice to remember when I write "Dear Folks" that you are all together again. We wonder where you are, and what you are doing - - perhaps visiting around San Francisco and Oakland, or heading straight for Southern California. We haven't heard at all, and can only guess. How do you like the States, Tom? Don't try walking down the middle of the street the way you're used to out in Korea.

I'm tired this week. I've had permission to work late in the office every night from Monday on, but I'm beginning to get pessimistic about chances for breaking away over the holidays. Man, but an annual takes a lot of work. All sorts of details keep coming up. But I've got a week and a half to go, and we'll see how it goes. It's not every day I get a chance to head for California in a Cadillac, and somehow the thought of waiting until this summer doesn't appeal to me.

We had a letter from Mary Jarvie this week. She is finishing up and will be ready to teach next year. She also wrote that Uncle Azel will be driving out to the coast this summer, and perhaps we could ride with him. That will be fun if it works out. I wonder what Charlie and Marian will be doing.

I did relax Friday night, though, from *Tower* work. I was invited to a formal banquet - - but we didn't have to wear tuxes. A fellow from Penn. Military College, brother of one of the girls here, Barbara Coughlin, is transferring to Wheaton next year, and wanted to get acquainted so threw the party for about ten couples. Mary-Carson Kuschke, his cousin, and a Greek major by the way, invited me. They must have plenty of money, because each girl had a corsage at her place, and the fellows gardenias. And the dinner, at the Open Gate, was plenty good. Then after the banquet I went and watched part of the Women's Intersociety Basketball Tournament with which our sister society, Bows, are walking away. Eleanor, of course, is a guard and starring on the Bow team. I'm a little cynical about Arrows' chances for starring in the men's tournament. And then I had to leave the games early and get up to the office - - more grind. The *Tower* is really fun though - - I'm not complaining.

Howard gallantly offered to take my Sunday School class today, and started out in Peggy right well, but soon had difficulty. Peggy froze up, and acted queer most of the way, and when at last he did

3/28/1937 - p.2 S.H.M.

get to Mooseheart one of my young cherubs startled him by opening the class with the proud announcement, "I'm an atheist". They're not always angels.

I think I'll get some sleep this afternoon. Remember, we're dying to hear from you and learn your plans.

Lots of love,

*Sam*

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois  
Wheaton College  
March 21, 1937

Dear Mutso:

Well, you old bum, it's about time you got over to see us. What did you think you were anyway, sticking snootily out ther in Korea all by yourself, while all the other Moffetts vere over this side of the water. Incidentally, did you bring a tennis racket?

And you're an aunt now, arn't you, and must assume all the responsibilities that devolve upon that office. Aunt Thomas, Uncle Sam and Howard etc.--pretty nice. You'd better improve your table manners quick, though, for I remember how terrible they were when I left off instructing you therein. And it shall be your duty, mutso, to write to your brother and sister and find out what color your niece's eyes are.

At last you got your ride on the steamer. How was it--pretty smooth? What I can't figure out, though, is h w you are going to make up your school work. Are you going to take the half year out, the way Howie and I did back in 1928 when we went around the world?

What ever you do, there ought to be some way of your getting out here to Wheaton. We'll probably come to California this Easter vacation as I wrote to mother, but I may not be able to break away from Tower work that soon. And I don't relish the idea of waiting until the summer to see you. If you see Bill and Bob Clapham messing around out there tell them to come along too, we need them for the soccer team next year.

Don't let the California climate destroy your ruggedness. I'll admit that Illinois has its meteorological disadvantages, but at least we can never complain of enervating monotony in our weather. ~~xx~~ A little Illinois blizzard would be good for you after Hawaii and California. We can always find room for you to sleep in the wastebasket.

The red ribbon is just to celebrate your arrival, and anyway, it's Dayton's typewriter. Write us once in a while,

Comme tout le temps,

*Sam*

Sam H. Moffett

21 Mar 1937  
L.S.H.

Wheaton College  
Wheaton, Illinois  
March 21, ~~1936~~ 1937

Dear Mother:

It just doesn't seem possible that you're in the country, and it doesn't seem right that I can't see you now that you're here. It has been almost three years now since you worriedly told me to remember my rubbers as I hurried off to the train and America. Oh mother, I do want to see you.

So now the whole family is here, and we are nine, no ten. By the way Marion hasn't even told us the color of Alice Louise's eyes. But Charlie is so tickled, he took a page to tell us how much she weighed, and cried, and that she's beginning to see things.

You probably know that Howie and I and Dat are planning to get out to ~~Ohio~~ California this Easter. The way things look now we'll be driving two big 1937 Cadillacs for a dealer to the coast and get our transportation free, and we're coming with Clint Youle and Frank Wood, the fellow who lives in Monrovia and has known Mrs. Broadhead all his life. Then we'll be coming back with him too after vacation. I'm worried as to whether I'll be able to make it. It seems that Howard and Dayton are sure of going, but the Tower is still my problem, and Earle Stevens, last year's editor, tells me that he worked hard straight through the vacation. But I'm really going to work between now and April 7th to get that thing going. I'd be sick if I couldn't get away.

My grades for the six weeks were pretty fair, so I'll forget them for a while and see what concentrating on the annual will do. The grades were 95 in Geography, Romans and Ancient History, 85 in Philosophy and unknown in Greek. That was better than the first semester which gave me one 95 and all the rest 90. But I've discovered I get 11 grade points for extra-curricular activities, which makes a total of 40 for 13 hours--more than I could get with straight 95.

Had a grand week-end with father, but it was certainly mighty busy, and we couldn't get in half the time we wanted to talk with him. He arrived Thursday afternoon, and that evening I had to go off on the Tower staff skating party, and the next day in addition to classes the printer and engraver both came out to see me. Saturday morning was a copy deadline, and the printer came out again in the afternoon. Then Saturday evening was the big formal open house at the New Dorm which knocked off an hour in the afternoon for the struggle with a tuxedo. Father squeezed us in pretty well, though. Foward went with Ros: Bell, Archie Campbell with Annie McLauchlin, and I with Mary Soltau. We left a little early, since father was leaving

on the eleven o'clock Overland for Frisco. It's a wonder we didn't weaken and hop on too, but we had on borrowed tuxes and couldn't very well run off in them.

Isn't father looking a lot better? He is so much more like the old days back in Pyengyang. And the good coat Aunt Susie made him buy helps a lot. We are all wondering what plans you will make. It seems that you will live in Monrovia, doesn't it? How are chances for a family reunion this summer, I wonder. It's about time we had one. It's going to seem funny to get answers to our letter within a week now, instead of the month and a half wait we're used to.

Anyway, here's looking forward to seeing you Easter, I hope.

Lots of love to you and Tom,

Sam

21st Lake City  
Saturday morning  
April 17, 1937

Dear Folks,

Arrived last night and had  
a good night's sleep since  
trip so far and we thoroughly  
enjoyed the two canyons. Hope  
you are all well there. Please  
give our best regards to the  
Brookheads etc. Sorry I didn't  
get to say goodbye. Love Howard

We're all alive and kicking and  
mighty thankful for the grand but  
too short visit home. Dropped in at  
Boulder Dam at dawn yesterday - and  
now on Cheyenne, Omaha + Wheaton  
Rivers, See



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS



Rev. Samuel A. Moffett  
311  $\frac{1}{2}$  Wild Rose st.  
Monrovia  
California



Winton, -Y.  
Monday morn.  
April 19, 1937

Dear folks,

Arrived all O.K.  
about 1:30 last night  
and had a good sleep  
this morning. Sam's letter  
came from you.

Nice day out and I  
can almost feel like going  
back to school again!

Love,

Sam & Howard



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Dr. S. A. Moffett  
311 1/2 Wildrose Ave  
Monrovia  
California

u , Town  
Sunday aft.

Dear folks,

Only three hundred  
and fifty miles left now  
after a good trip. We'll  
get in late tonight, and  
have a day to study before  
school, tho' I wish we hadn't  
left Calif. quite so soon.

Passed thru a blizzard  
last night and had some  
difficulty, but it's very warm  
and sunny here now. Love,  
Dan + Harriet



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Dr. S. A. Moffett  
311 1/2 Wildrose Ave.  
Monrovia  
California

Wheaton College

Wheaton, Illinois

April 4, 1951

Dear Folks:

We are certainly deeply concerned over mother's health. Do you know just what is the matter. We're trusting the Lord to keep her safe, and a good rest down there in Southern California should do her worlds of good.

I think we'll be there to supervise her recovery personally in a little more than a week. I'm trying to ~~un~~unburden all my responsibilities onto the shoulders of some of my staff, and break away Wednesday. It yet remains to be seen how it will go.

I cut classes with abandon this week, and messed up my 12-weeks Greek exam. Hope I can get back in the harness again after vacation. We had a swell Chinese feed for International Students' meeting this Wednesday evening.

I was all set to go to bed early tonight and catch

up on some sleep, when Dave Murray called up from Chicago  
this morning and told us that he's singing with the Women's  
Men's Glee Club at the Fourth Presbyterian Church. So  
we're heading in to see and hear him. We'll break away early,  
though.

By the way, Mutsa - are they swimming yet out there  
in California? Or is the climate over-estimated. We'll have  
a tennis match the day we get back with de Hals, and no  
time to practice - Woe!

Well - California here we come - I hope!

Lots of love,

Jan.

# THE NINETEEN THIRTY-NINE

# Tower

CARL F. H. HENRY  
Editor-in-Chief

•  
HOWARD F. MOFFETT  
Business Manager

WHEATON COLLEGE . . . WHEATON, ILLINOIS

April 25, 1937

Dear Folks:

Here I am already sponging ~~axk~~ off Howie's Tower. It's convenient to have two supplies of stationery.

I suppose you've heard and read in the Record of the grand trip we had coming back. Boulder Dam was immense, and the first Geography class we had after school started was taken up with movies of the building of the dam. It was three times as interesting after I had seen the site. Zion canyon was beautiful, and Bryce canyon even more like the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

There's been nothing but Tower work for me since I got back. It took the first couple of days to get back into the swing of things, but now we're finishing up full blast. McShane and Brosius have done right nobly in my absence, but there are plenty of things to do. I don't expect to get the thing off until the first of May, and then there will be plenty of proof-reading etc. It looks as if I'm going to be kept busy right up to the end of the year.

In addition to the Tower, tennis now takes time. We had our first meet with DeKalb, without practice, and were fortunately rained out, but not before Howie had won his match, and I had lost mine. Elmhurst, whom we played Friday was an easy match, 6-0. We didn't lose a set. Incidentally, Howie and I broke into Arch Wards column of the Tribune as tennis players from Korea heading for California to practice. I guess that trip gave quite a professional touch. But it was lots more to us than tennis. I wouldn't have missed it for a dozen Towers, particularly now that I can't get out there this summer.

We are mighty glad to hear that mother is getting better fast. Maybe that means more Greek and Latin for Mutso. It's good for you. I can see you need discipline. No work yet from Charlie about the church, but I expect a letter this week.

Mother will be glad to hear that I slept all day today. I got someone to substitute for me out at Mooseheart and didn't wake up until 12:30. I didn't even hear the call for breakfast, and now feel like a new man.

But it's time for church. Then early to bed.

Lots of love,

Sam



Dear Father

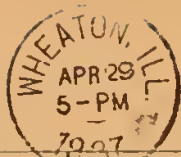
Apr. 29

I just received good news from Charlie. The \$65 which he said was coming to me this summer is not for the whole three months, but is \$65 a month, or \$195 for the summer. This is superabundant.

Tom will be glad to know we've won our two tennis matches so far - Elmhurst 6-0, North Central 5-1. We're so glad Mother is continuing to improve.

||||||| Love,  
Sam.

Sam H. Moffett  
Wheaton College  
Wheaton, Illinois



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Dr. Samuel A. Moffett  
311  $\frac{1}{2}$  Wildrose Avenue  
Monrovia, Calif.

Korea Mission  
of the  
Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

PYENGYANG (HEIJO)  
KOREA (CHOSEN)

SAMUEL A. MOFFETT

May 2, 1937

Dear Folks:

You probably received my postcard explaining the North Dakota situation. I'll have to leave right after my last exam in June to get up there by the 13th. If I take the train my expenses will be something like this:

50.00	Transportation from Chicago and back-train.
65.00	Board - \$5 per week for 13 weeks
18.00	Laundry
27.00	Incidentals
<hr/>	
150.00	Expenses for three months
195.00	Receipts for three months
45.00	Cash balance.

Charlie adds that he may get an additional cash receipt for me, but is not sure. That would mean an additional \$25. The above figures are liberal. I may have to take the train up there to arrive in time, but I should have more time to get back. It all sounds pretty good to me. And the experience will be invaluable.

This was another busy week. The Tower is an endless job. And as soon as that is over I have term papers to write for all my classes, and I'm going to have to find time to write some sermons and prepare for the summer work. Last night I went to a grand party--the Williston Hall party, with Howard. Charlotte Chappell of Mason City, Iowa asked me. We could hardly recognize the dorm, it was transformed into a garden, with flowered walks, fish ponds and stone gardens. Our favors were bowls of goldfish. But after the party I had to tear up to the office and bat our some more feature pages.

We had our first two tennis meets this week, and won both as I mentioned in the card. Howie and I took both our singles and doubles both times. At North Central I was trailing the first set 5-1, then bucked up and took the next six games and the set. And in doubles we lost the first set 13-11, and came back to take the second 6-1 and go on to win. I'm playing third man now. And at last we have a coach, Wes Carlson, who used to play with Charlie.

But it's time for church. And after that--bed. Lots of love.

Sam

# ONE SIXTH OF A SQUARE MILE OF MISSIONARY ACTIVITY (120 ACRES)

WOMEN'S HIGHER BIBLE SCHOOL 50 STUDENTS.

WOMEN'S STATION BIBLE INSTITUTE 150 STUDENTS.

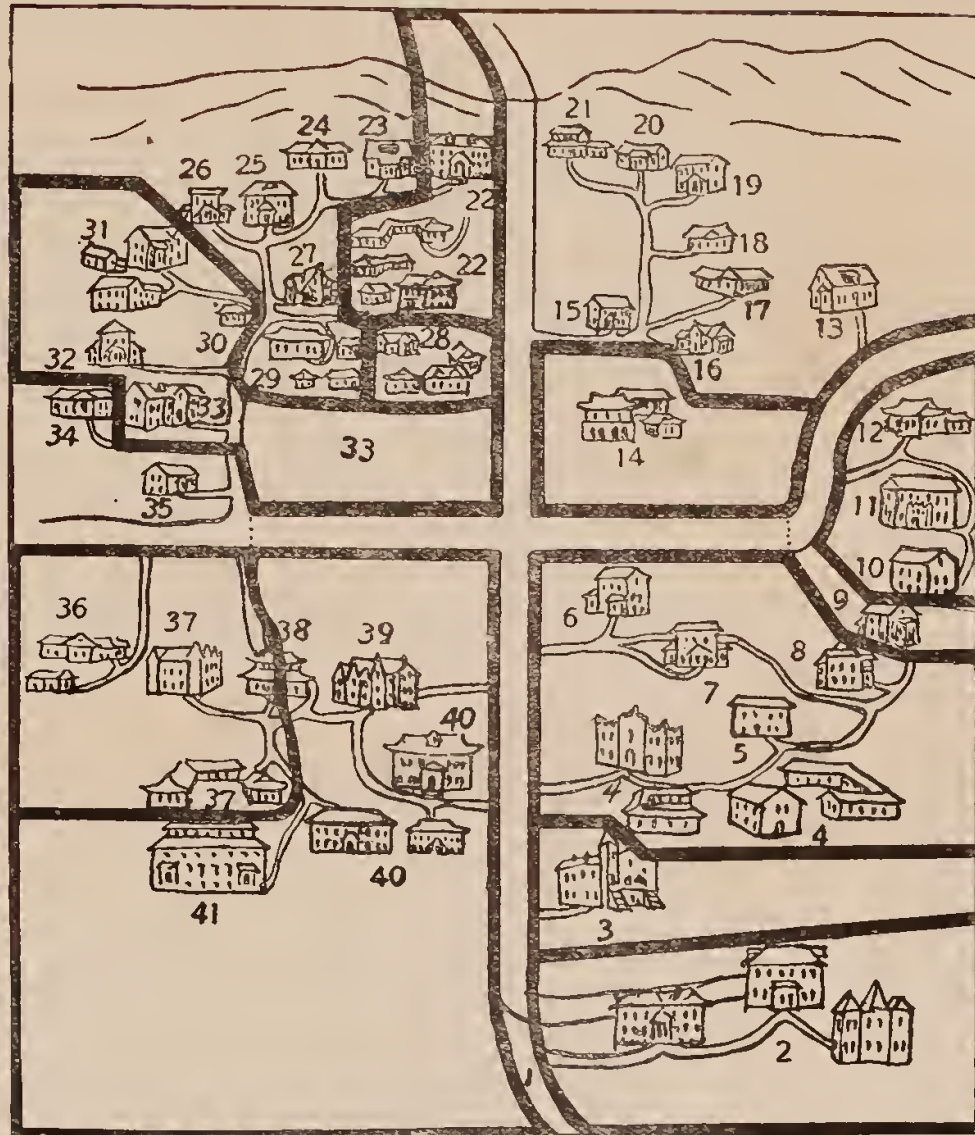
WOMEN'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL 100 STUDENTS.

Primary and High School for Missionary Children of all Korea  
100 Students

Boya' Academy  
570 Students

Industrial Shops

Union Christian Men's College  
150 Students



Mens' Bible Institute  
180 Students

Girls' Academy  
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Presbyterian Theological Seminary of all Korea  
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Local Church  
Congregation 1,500  
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Union Hospital  
13,000 Patients  
47,680 Treatments  
Four Missionary Doctors  
Five Korean

## Pyongyang Presbyterian Compound

15 City Churches  
15,000 Christians

313 Country Churches  
in Province  
32,789 Christians

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Entrance to compound</li> <li>2. Union Christian Hospital Buildings</li> <li>3. West Gate Church</li> <li>4. Seminary Administration Building and Dormitories</li> <li>5. Dr. Engel's Home</li> <li>6. Dr. Clark's Home</li> <li>7. Dr. Robb's Home</li> <li>8. Dr. Reynold's Home</li> <li>9. Dr. Parker's Home</li> <li>10. Domestic Science Building of Girls' Academy</li> <li>11. Administration Building of Girls' Academy</li> <li>12. Miss Snook's Home and Girls' Academy Dormitory</li> <li>13. Y. M. C. A. Residence</li> <li>14. Men's Bible Institute Buildings</li> <li>15. Mr. Hamilton's Home</li> <li>16. Mr. Lutz's Home</li> <li>17. Dr. Swallen's Home</li> <li>18. Dr. Blair's Home</li> <li>19. Dr. Robert's Home</li> <li>20. Mr. Hill's Home</li> <li>21. Dr. Bernheisel's Home</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>22. Women's Higher Bible Institute</li> <li>23. Mr. Philip's Home</li> <li>24. Mr. Mowry's Home</li> <li>25. Lady-Workers' Home</li> <li>26. Dr. Bigger's Home</li> <li>27. Dr. McCune's Home</li> <li>28. Miss Doriss' Home &amp; Lula Wells Institute</li> <li>29. Dr. Moffett's Home</li> <li>30. Foreign School Teachers' Home</li> <li>31. Foreign School Dormitories &amp; Infirmary</li> <li>32. Mr. Reiner's Home</li> <li>33. Foreign School &amp; Athletic Field</li> <li>34. Dr. Baird's Home</li> <li>35. Mr. McMurtrie's Home</li> <li>36. Anna Davis Industrial Shops</li> <li>37. Boys' Academy Building &amp; Dormitory</li> <li>38. Union Christian College Library</li> <li>39. Union Christian College Science Hall</li> <li>40. Union Christian College Main Building &amp; Dormitory</li> <li>41. U. C. C. Auditorium-Gymnasium</li> <li>42. Mr. Kinsler's Home</li> </ol> |
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697 Sunday Schools  
in the Province  
45,537 Pupils

59 Primary Schools  
3,752 Pupils

Korea Mission  
of the  
Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

PYENGYANG (HEIJO)  
KOREA (CHOSŌN)

SAMUEL A. MOFFETT

Wheaton  
May 9, 1937

Dear Folks:

We're thinking about you a lot today, mother. You seem so near to us these days, without any ocean in between. A few deserts make no difference--you can hitch-hike across them. But it would be nicer if you were with us.

Howard and I are now rooming with a big-shot. Dayton was elected president yesterday of the Illinois Collegiate Press Association, and next year their conference will be held at Wheaton for the first time.

This has been rather a frenzied week. Six weeks' exams, tennis, Tower and long Greek assignments have piled up on me. But last night I put the finishing touches on the Tower, and now all that remains is the Index and proofing. I feel loads lighter. Now I shall begin to catch up on sleep, even if I do have five term papers hanging over me.

Tennis is no burden. It just takes time. We're still going fairly well, with no defeats yet, although one tie has been hung up on us. Monday we took over a Eureka team 6-0 without losing a single set. That was easy, but we were rather afraid of the meet with Armour Friday. They had beaten North Central 6-1, and we had taken them in 5-1, so anything could happen. As it was we tied them 3-3, and broke our winning streak. Howard was off his game and lost second singles, and I was lucky and came off ahead in three sets in third position. Kent lost fourth singles. In the doubles we had a chance to take the meet, and Howie and I polished off their first team easily in two sets, but Fischer and Kent, after taking the first set in second doubles, dropped the next two, for a tie meet. Next meet is with DeKalb. And that will be a tough one.

Exams went off rather well, and I wouldn't be at all worried over my studies were it not for those term papers. I really didn't deserve the grades I got, because I didn't study for any tests, I was so head over heels finishing up the annual. But I got a 94 in History, and a 90+ in Geography and a 90 in Romans. There was no Greek exam, but she's piling on the assignments in an effort to finish up the Medea. I'm falling behind a bit.

I heard from Charlie recently. He's tickled over our tennis. But we haven't made any plans for the summer. Dr. Stone here is going to talk things over with me and give me some help and pointers in preparation. He certainly is a grand man. Looking ahead I'm a bit afraid, but after all, it isn't what we do that counts, it's what we let the Lord do through us.

*Lots of love,  
Sam*

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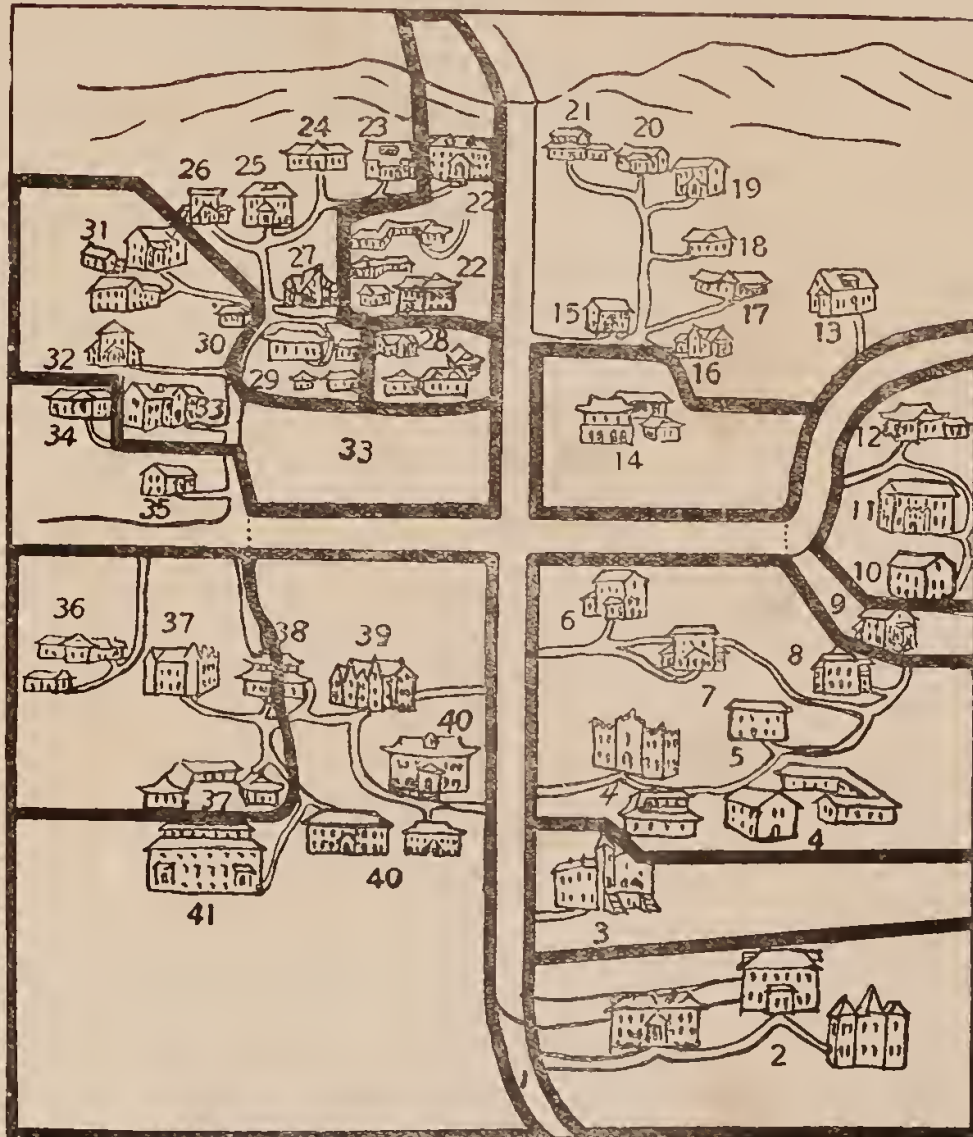
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16. Mr. Lutz's Home
17. Dr. Swallen's Home
18. Dr. Blair's Home
19. Dr. Robert's Home
20. Mr. Hill's Home
21. Dr. Bernheisel's Home
22. Women's Higher Bible Institute
23. Mr. Philip's Home
24. Mr. Mowry's Home
25. Lady-Workers' Home
26. Dr. Bigger's Home
27. Dr. McCune's Home
28. Miss Doriss's Home & Lula Wells Institute
29. Dr. Moffett's Home
30. Foreign School Teachers' Home
31. Foreign School Dormitories & Infirmary
32. Mr. Reiner's Home
33. Foreign School & Athletic Field
34. Dr. Baird's Home
35. Mr. McMurtrie's Home
36. Anna Davis Industrial Shops
37. Boys' Academy Building & Dormitory
38. Union Christian College Library
39. Union Christian College Science Hall
40. Union Christian College Main Building & Dormitory
41. U. C. C. Auditorium-Gymnasium
42. Mr. Kinsler's Home

697 Sunday Schools  
in the Province  
45,537 Pupils

59 Primary Schools  
3,752 Pupils

The  
1938  
Lower

WHEATON COLLEGE, WHEATON, ILLINOIS

SAMUEL MOFFETT, Editor  
NORRIS ALDEEN, Business Manager

May 16, 1937

Dear Mites

Man alive! I don't see how you manage to grow old so fast. By the time you get this, I suppose you'll be bragging around that you're an old man - thirteen.

Least you become over-proud and unruly, Howe and I figured that the best way to assert our authority was to let you sit around and wait a while for your birthday present. So don't expect one for a couple of weeks, until Howard earns enough money to buy one.

I'm tickled to hear that you are going to be at a camp for a while this summer. It'll be good for you to get around for a while with other fellows - it should be a grand time out on Catalina.

Incidentally, you may be glad to hear that Howie and I won our doubles in the Northern State Intersectionals. That gives us a crack at the State title two weeks from now. I'll have to admit that Howie did most of the tennis-playing.

But behave yourself, and act your age.

Sam



The  
1938  
Tower

WHEATON COLLEGE, WHEATON, ILLINOIS

SAMUEL MOFFETT, Editor  
NORRIS ALDEEN, Business Manager

May 16, 1937

Dear Folks:

It rained a bit last night, but otherwise its almost as nice here now as it was out in California a month ago. If only we could count on it's staying nice, I'd want to move outdoors and live. Spring fever got me this week, and I've done little worthwhile.

However we did manage to keep the tennis going, though my record wasn't so hot. Against George Williams, which we beat 5-1, I was the only one who lost. But Howie and I took our doubles, which was some consolation. And then in the Northern State sectionals, Howie and I scraped through to win. Howie Fischer won the singles which made a pretty good day for Wheaton. This gives us the right to go down state for the finals tournament two week from today, with a chance to win the state title. I don't quite see how we managed to win. I guess the late hours of the past month suddenly took effect, for I was completely off my game. In the first bracket we met North Central's second doubles team, which should have been easy. And we took the first set without trouble, 6-2, but in the second I wilted and they took it, and in the third were leading 5-4 and 30-love, before we managed to pull back. I was still off when we met DeKalb, who was favored to win. But Howie was playing well enough for three people, and after dropping the first set we took the next two. It was all rather nerve-racking.

We Juniors put one over on the Seniors this week. Every year the Seniors bury a cake which they dig up with ceremony on Class day. This year for the first time in eighty-seven years, the Juniors unearthed the cake. We had shifts working nights covering the campus with iron pokers, and finally found it at 2:30 the other night. Don't worry--I wasn't working on any night shifts, this week. I've been sleeping.

Had a date this week, mother. But it was my first or second in two months. I'd hardly call it a mad whirl of social activity. This was to the Junior-Senior party, and I took Ann Beckley. However, you will be glad to hear that I did not date to the two other functions of the week-end, big functions too--the Spring Lit Open Meeting, and the Men's Glee Club concert. Both nights I went to bed early. I expect hearty commendation for this act of will.

Mutso should get absolutely no mention in this letter.  
He got one all for himself.

I hope for a letter from Charlie soon, with more details  
of the work this summer. And for more advice on how to  
prepare for it. I'm going to have to leave Wheaton right  
away after my last exam, Thursday noon, the 10th of June.

Lots of love, and happy birthday, Mutso.

*Jan*

The  
1938  
Tower

WHEATON COLLEGE, WHEATON, ILLINOIS

SAMUEL MOFFETT, Editor  
NORRIS ALDEEN, Business Manager

May 20, <sup>1937</sup>~~1938~~

Dear Folks:

Here we are another week nearer the end of school. I never saw time pass so fast before, at least it seems so now. And I must leave right after my last exam, on Thursday, the 10th of June for North Dakota. Charlie and Marion are driving down to pick me up to take me to Devils Lake for a conference with Dr. Kelly, regional superintendent before I go on to Antler.

Term papers still weigh upon my mind. This week I had time to write only one, thanks to Tower proofs which had to be read and tennis matches that came at the wrong time. Incidentally I'm glad to report that we're still going strong, unbeaten yet. We had ~~three~~ matches this week, and won all of them. First we beat a North Central Team that was all set to swamp us, and turned the tables on them 5-1. Then on Friday we went down state and played Eureka, winning again 5-1. And we ~~finished~~ finished up a good tennis week by a clean sweep over Elmhurst, 6-0. Howie and I won all our matches, both singles and doubles. It feels good to be winding, but I wonder how long it will last.

Yesterday we had our annual Green Lantern Open House. It was warm enough, strange to relate, to eat outside, and it didn't even rain. It was decidedly un-Wheatonlike. The yard was pretty with Japanese lanterns strung from the house to the big maple tree. Frank Ammons, a new fellow this semester, announced his engagement to a girl from Elkhart. Howard invited Fosa Bell, and I was with Virginia Snively.

I want to remind you, mother, that I'm getting a lot of sleep, except for last night when I had to help clean up after the party. I'm probably putting on weight, too, but would hardly call myself fat, yet. See that Mutso behaves himself. And we haven't forgotten that he just had a birthday.

Lots of love,

Sam

The  
1938  
Lower

WHEATON COLLEGE, WHEATON, ILLINOIS

SAMUEL MOFFETT, Editor  
NORRIS ALDEEN, Business Manager

May 30, 1937

Dear Folks:

Summer is here with a vengeance. It's hot enough to fool us into thinking we're back in last summer school. Down in Peoria it was so hot that the asphalt courts on which we were playing began to melt.

We lost out in the first round down there to the finalists from Augustana, but it was a great trip anyway. We had dinner Friday out at Uncle Will's, and Aunt Abby can certainly cook. Uncle Will's memory is almost all gone, but he is quite healthy, and eats well. I guess we met about three-quarters of the family, Mac, Tom, Betty, Catherine, Jane and Harriet, and other relatives by marriage. Fischer came through in the singles right nobly, and went to the finals, where he, too was beaten by Augustana.

You probably saw in this week's record that I was just elected Senior president for next year. It surprised me just as much as it did you, I guess. I was away playing tennis during the elections, and walked back into it unsuspectingly.

We were rained out of our match with George Williams that afternoon, after we had taken three singles and were leading in both doubles. I lost the only singles, worse luck. Also, the rain made us stick indoors for a picnic that was scheduled for the evening. It was good fun anyway.

Exams next week, Friday! I shudder at the thought. But right now it's too hot to worry.

Lots of love.

Sam



# WHEATON COLLEGE SUMMER SCHOOL



WHEATON COLLEGE

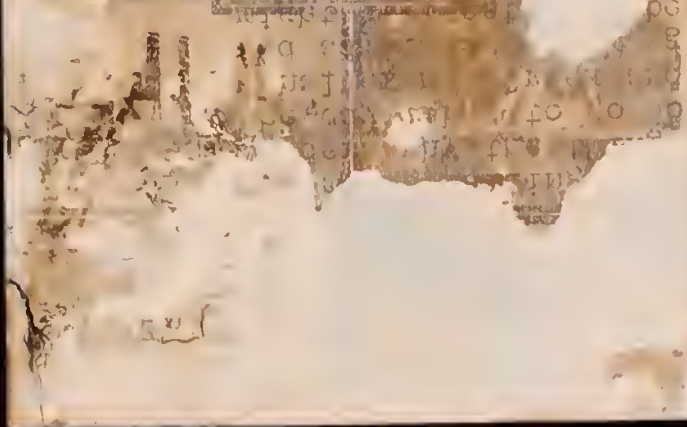
TWO FOUR WEEK TERMS  
JUNE 1 - JULY 17

COLLEGE  
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC  
HIGH SCHOOL ELEMENTARY

STRONG TEACHING STAFF  
WELL EQUIPPED EDIFICES  
LOW TUITION RATES

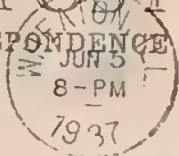
WHEATON COLLEGE  
WHEATON, ILLINOIS  
The Kingdom

WHEATON COLLEGE  
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC  
HIGH SCHOOL ELEMENTARY  
STRONG TEACHING STAFF  
WELL EQUIPPED EDIFICES  
LOW TUITION RATES  
WHEATON COLLEGE  
WHEATON, ILLINOIS  
The Kingdom



POST CARD

CORRESPONDENCE



ADDRESS ONLY

Mutso:

Do you recognize  
the distinguished character  
in the white sweater - upper  
right hand corner?

Behave yourself at  
Scout camp.  
Sam

Mr. Thomas F. Moffett  
311½ Mildrose Ave.  
Monrovia, Calif.

June 6, 1957

Dear Folks:

My week has been about as discouraging a week as I like to  
remember. I've been worrying about why we  
haven't had any projects on the Tower, and been put off  
by the fact that Ken Taylor went down to Dixon,  
and discovered that he couldn't get out the book on contract  
for exams. It was all rather sickening  
and Towers and all that, while the school  
was late. On top of all that, Thursday  
the day before two  
fix--he just con-  
Roman History. If only the printer  
he couldn't get the book out, I  
I'm going to have to leave for North  
books arrive--which is rather disgusting.

I'm not attending picnic yet, however, for there have been  
one of the rays of light amidst all this gloom. (Time out  
while I'm here with my shattered nerves and ruined health by taking  
a picture with my new camera that I'm going to tell  
you about--it's one of the rays of light) The picture is taken  
and I can continue. Yesterday, the staff, ignoring the fact that  
there were no Towers in view, went off and had a swell time on  
a Tower picnic--caneing, steak-fry, soft-ball baseball etc.,  
and there took time out to present me with a swell camera--Kodak,  
with a fast German lens, f. 2.5, so at last I can learn a little  
about taking pictures. I feel like a kid with a new toy.

Another cheerful event was the return tennis match with Armour,  
when we killed two birds with one stone, avenging our only tie  
of the season, and finishing up the year with an undefeated team  
record--best in Theaton history. We were after blood, and in  
spite of our lack of success at Peoria, we wiped them off- 5-1,  
and they were counting on betting us. Only match lost was  
Fischer's. In dual matches Howard and I haven't been beaten  
this season playing doubles.

And then Dr. Moule contributed his share to cheering me up by  
shouting across the campus that I had made a 95 in Roman History--  
one of the exams I hadn't been able to study for. I only hope  
he wasn't kidding. I don't know how the Greek went, but am a  
little dubious. No exams tomorrow--but two on Tuesday, Geography  
and Romans; with Philosophy on Wednesday. That finishes me up,  
and Charlie and Marion are coming to get me Thursday. My first



sermon, I think will be on Christ's invitation in Matt. 11, "Come unto me all ye that labor--." Dr. Stone has been helping me a lot in preparing for the summer. But this Tower mess took the fight out of me for a while.

Howard came through in fine style at the Colt elections--and he's a big shot--a Critic--now. Some day he'll grow up, I guess. There's even hope for you, maybe, Mutso. I guess it's Catalina for you pretty soon. Do you ever get any tennis in?

But it's time for church. Next Sunday it will be my church I go to. A sobering thought.

Lots of love,

*Sam*

P.S. This is very disturbing news from Philadelphia about the new split in the new church. I fear that Prexy is too much of a fighter. Dr. Stone said that news about the election of our new moderator was reassuring. He thinks the new man is quite conservative.

Incidentally, mother, where did you get the idea I was in debt. I'm not, anyway--father went over the financial situation thoroughly with us when he was here. There was one dark item this month, though--a \$23 dental bill, for a wisdom tooth pulling and several cavities. We received our checks from Uncle Howard, and I'm grateful for the birthday present. It was mighty foolish of you to think that you hadn't given me one, though. What else was the California trip--that was a thousand times better than anything else could have been.

Antler, North Dakota

June 14, 1937

Dear Folks:

Conducted my first service yesterday, and spoke from the text, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." It's inspiring to be out at last doing something for the Lord, small though it may be. Your last letter, father, meant much to me. This statement of yours, particularly gave me new light. "Your task is not so much to defend the gospel, as to proclaim it." I had never thought of it that way before.

The service went off without mishap. But I fear the sermon was none too good - too short for one thing, because I had miscalculated how fast I talk. We had a choir of seven girls for special music. Attendance at church was 61, and at Sunday School, 57, which was more than I expected.

I certainly finished school up in a big hurry. Had very little time to worry about exams, but didn't do so badly. I only know of three grades - 90 in Greek, 90 in Geography, and 95 in Roman History. However, I'm afraid I'm due for an 85 in Philosophy, but perhaps a 95 in Romans. Charlie whisked me away Thursday evening, and we drove all night, landing in Polette Friday evening. Alice Louise has deep blue eyes, but she's no Moffett - she's too fat; even has a double chin. She made the trip to Wheaton and back like a trooper - tucked away in her basket in the car.

Charlie had a wedding the afternoon he left for Wheaton, and the minute he dropped me at Antler Saturday morning had to tear south for another wedding. He is certainly kept on the go. About the time I left for North Dakota, Howard started walking to North Carolina, where there's a big bunch of Korea kids at Montreat. Then he tears back to Summer School.

This afternoon, just as I barely get settled, I am to be uprooted and borne to a Conference Camp at Lake Metigoshe, about 100 miles from here, with five young people's delegates from the church. Then back to Antler Friday. In town there are two other churches - Catholic and Pentecostal. Population of Antler, about 300 -  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles from Canadian border.

North Dakota means eating and sleeping to me, if the past two days are any criterion. And I'm not sorry. But I must pack for camp —

Loads of love. Pray for me here.

Sam

Antler, North Dakota

June 22, 1937

Dear Folks:

Two services gone, and I am greatly encouraged. Several people have come up to me and said how glad they were to hear real fundamental sermons again. This Sunday I spoke on "Go ye into all the world," and other "Go's" of Jesus - mostly a mission sermon, in contrast to the "Come unto me" of the week before. I have also started Young People's Meetings in the evening, and last night had 10 out for the first one.

Received the packages of books this week. You certainly picked grand ones. I'm reading Ederheim now. I shall thank Mrs. Brodhead for them.

The people up here are great - very friendly - ~~are~~ very Scotch for the most part, but there are quite a few Scandinavians. The treasurer of the church is postmaster here. Mr. Tex Haar, county commissioner, is also one of my church-members. I was out to his home for dinner last night. His

father marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea.

Prospects for a crop are the best for many years. All is green, quite different from the brownness of the fields when I was in Rolette last summer.

Had a grand week with Charlie up at the Conference on Lake Metigoshe. I was on the faculty but had little to do but eat, sleep swim and play baseball. Charlie had a class in Missions - enroll at 50, one of the largest classes there. I'm a little scared about conducting a Bible School - but Friday I'm going to write to see how Charlie and Marion run theirs.

Just received word that the farmers came out in time for graduation - which is a relief. Haven't seen one yet, though. A letter from Howard reports a good trip to S. Caroline.

I'm staying at the home of an old, deaf lady here, Grandma Wright, mother of the postmaster. She is very good to me. I overslept breakfast this morning so she brought some up to me.

Lots of love,  
Sam

June 28, 1937

Antler, North Dakota

Dear Folks:

Three weeks in North Dakota, and I'm still living. Haven't even seen a dust-storm yet, but I've had a little N.D. weather. Wednesday morning the thermometer outside hit 104, and then cruck. Bang! and the sky was black, the rain came in torrents, the wind blew down trees and it hailed. It was almost chilly by mid-afternoon.

I did a lot of visiting during the week, getting acquainted. The people are very friendly, and very optimistic about prospects for their first crop in seven years. But on Friday I took the train for a 2-hour ride to Oahe where Marion met me and drove me to Relette. I went down to see how they were running their Vacation Bible School. I was easily persuaded to stay overnight and came back Saturday. Friday afternoon, though, there was a circus in town, and we went. Oh what a gyp it was. I've seen better in Korea.

one-fifth the price. Most interesting was to see how many ways they had of getting your money out of you. The Big Show opened an hour late, but all the side-shows, extra-charge, opened early to entice you in from the hot sun. Once inside we were cheerfully informed that no seats were available without programs (10¢). We disregarded this. Then we were confronted with a vast array of reserved (25¢) seats. Way down in one corner were the free seats - good enough for us.

Next Sunday is the 4th of July. I'm not just sure yet what to preach on. Last week I started a series on the seven miracles recorded in John's gospel, suggested by an outline of my philosophy program two years ago.

Turning the Water into Wine - Christ the Man.  
Healing the Nobleman's Son - Christ the Manifestator  
Man at Pool of Bethesda - Christ the Master  
Feeding the 5000 - Christ the Manna  
Walking on the Water - Christ the Mystery  
Healing the man born blind - Christ the ~~Makes~~ Messiah  
Raising of Lazarus - Christ the Maker, Creator.

Charlie had the same course when he was in school and wrote his seminary thesis along somewhat the same lines. It should make a good series - the congregation seemed to like the first one. I had 51 out to church. Ladies' Aid comes this Wednesday.



I'm beginning to get used to the place, though at first it seemed queer to have no electricity or running water. Baths don't seem to be common-places. I went swimming at the Creek the other day and brought back more dirt than I took.

I'm sending some of the pictures from my first roll of film. Here's a list considering that most are experiments. I'm carefully reserving my prize double-exposures, out-of-focus, and light-struck shots. Herewith a legend:

- ① Bros. Howard cramming for chemistry or anthropology exam.
- ② Room-mate Roberts emerging phlegmatically from the bank.
- ③ C'est moi! J'étude. Observe Hirohito on the wall.
- ④ The Tennis team - gloriously undefeated and quite swell-headed. L. to R. - John Sanderson mgr., Howe Fischer, H + S. Moffett, and Warren Kent - that was the order we played.
- ⑤ H. + S. Moffett again. Dinner at Roy's.
- ⑥ H. Moffett shows form on a backhand. I might have been closer!
- ⑦ Exams over and I scout for N. Dakota, but there's a flat tire in Minnesota. Charlie wields the crank, the girl is Lillian Olson who helped around the house when Alice Louise was born. If you look hard you'll see the niece at the window.

- ⑧ Camp at Lake Metigoshe - a group of unidentifiable students and Miss Reese, a teacher.
- ⑨ Charlie's Missions class at Metigoshe
- ⑩ Charlie's and my prayer group of section 4, boys at Metigoshe.
- ⑪ The Moffetts of Idella.

Any of these you want marked - the  
back and I'll get prints for you.

Love,  
Sam

P.S. Had 13 out to Young People's last night.  
Started them in on Bible Drill.

Antler, North Dak.

July 29, 1937

Dear Father:

How soon will we be able to know anything more of Mother's condition. So they give any news at the Santiam. There's by no means anything we can do and that is to pray that the Lord may spare her to us. It is strange and terrible that she should be struck in this way.

By this time, I guess, the gang has descended upon you. What a careful they were when I said good bye on the road between Polette and Bottineau. That baggage rack on top was a real life-saver.

I was very busy this Sunday. After the 11:00 o'clock service here at Antler, I tore twenty miles away for a 2:30 service at Brander, where the Rev. ~~Schlick~~ Schlick was away on vacation, and I topped it off with a final evening service at Omenee for Charles. In addition to all

this I taught two Sunday School classes and gave a half-hour speech on Mission work in Korea. Stopped in on Mr. Rissen, the minister at Bottineau, at midnight and borrowed his sofa for the rest of the night.

Weighed myself the other day and was happy to discover that I've gained almost 13 pounds since I hit North Dakota. You can credit plenty of sleep and North Dakota farm cooking for that.

How is Tom making out. Back from Scout camp yet? Behave yourself, Mutas. Howard has instructions to discipline you thoroughly.

Lots of love,

Sam



Clear Lake Golf Course, Riding Mt Nat Park Man. Canada

CANADA POST CARD

Dear Father.

Deloraine  
Aug. 4, '37

Am still alive and well  
Now off for a day in Canada  
with the Russers, Presb minister  
at Bottineau. Did Charles & the  
gang get off all right to New York.  
We continue to pray for mother  
The local affairs are  
running smoothly.  
Sam



Dr. Samuel A. Moffett  
311 1/2 Wildrose Ave.  
Monrovia, Calif.



Clear Lake Golf Course, Riding Mt Nat Park Man., Canada

CANADA POST CARD

Dear Father.

Deloraine  
Aug. 4, '37

Am still alive and well

Now off for a day in Canada  
with the Russers, Presb minister  
at Bottomean. Dad Charles & the  
peep get off all right to New York.  
We continue to pray for mother

The Lord's affairs are  
running smooth,  
Sam



AU 4

37

Dr. Samuel A. Moffett

311 1/2 Wildrose Ave.

Monrovia, Calif.



No more news of Mother's condition, I suppose.  
It certainly wants to know so little how she is.

Antler, No. Dak.

Aug. 13, 1937

Dear Father:

Received your good letter yesterday. The arrangements regarding the property are satisfactory to me. I recognize the responsibility and trust that I may not be called upon to exercise it for many years to come.

Was glad to get your postcard, Miter. Howard reports that you play quite a game of tennis. Keep it up - then you'll show them at Wheaton. See that Howard behaves himself out there - at school I require him to get to bed by 9:00 and arise at 6:00 a.m. At least that would be healthy for him.

I've been getting quite a lot of reading done up here. Right now I'm deep in Romola by George Eliot, and the Scottish Pulpit by W.M. Taylor. This Sunday I have two services. One here at Antler as usual, and one in the afternoon at Brander, about 30 miles away. That is the Rev. Stan Schlick's church, but he is away

on vacation like Charles and Muriel, and the congregation asked me to hold service. So far I have received \$102.50 of my salary. My expenses come to \$7 or \$8 a week but the trip up cost \$25, and the trip back will be about as much. I receive \$25 extra for travel to the field.

Lost my good Scheffer pen last week and found it yesterday in the grass up in the public square. I'm making a lot of fine friends up here. These farmers are fine people - mighty friendly. Prospects of a crop are still pretty fair. They certainly need it.

Is it correct to say that Jesus died as a man, but rose again as very God?

I think you should take an hour out each day and begin an autobiography, or at least a detailed account of your early days in Korea. I know the Koreans call you the "Looking-Up-the-Road-Man" but it is well to look around once in a while to see whence we've come.

Tell Howard to hurry and get back here, if he's still messing around out there.

Lots of love,  
Sam.

Antler, No. Dak.  
August 21, 1937

Dear Folks:

I am greatly relieved to hear of the improvement in Mother's condition, and I hope it will be permanent. We pray constantly that she may speedily return to health and strength.

Have been mighty busy today, driving an old Dodge truck around the country to collect contributions of food for the Ladies' Aid ice cream social this evening. Returned to freeze three freezers of ice cream, cart tables and chairs--I feel like a good outside-man. Now I must dash off this letter and get dressed in time to reap some of the rewards of the work. The ice-cream looked good.

Last Sunday I completed my series of sermons on the miracles of John's gospel, and tomorrow I am speaking, by request, on Korea and the Korea Mission. It's never hard for me to talk about home. Thursday I was asked to speak at a Civilian Conservation Corps camp about 30 miles from here. As soon as the fellows heard I was from Korea they wanted to know all about the war going on around Shanghai, who was going to win, whether Russia was about to fight etc., as if I could predict with certainty the outcome. I told you didn't I that last Sunday I spoke twice, once here and once at Brander about 20 miles from here, where I had spoken once in July. I also had two Sunday School classes.

Tuesday and Wednesday I took a vacation and went to Bottineau to visit the Rissers, Presbyterian minister there, and to play some tennis. Got in six good sets, and felt a lot better. Borrowed what looks like a good book from him, Jesus Came Preaching by Dr. George A. Buttrick which deals with some of the problems facing the preacher today. Have also read the Mind of Leonardo da Vinci by George McCurdy, and which is pretty technical but interesting, and George Eliot's Romola, a book I've intended to read for years.

Howard has quite a trip ahead of him, going to San Francisco, Santa Barbara, Oregon, Idaho and up here. Will be glad if he does get here in time to play some tennis. There aren't many good players around--the courts are too few. The nearest court to Antler is at Bottineau, about 60 miles away. We expect Charles and Marion and Alice Louise back sometime this week or the next. Then I won't feel quite so isolated.

Must hurry back to the ice cream. Who's your friend, Mutso? Do you have anyone to play tennis with now that Howard and the gang have gone? Remember me to the Woods and to Mrs. Brodhead.

Swe,  
Jim

1903 PLEASURE DRIVE THROUGH THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN ARBORETUM AND WILD LIFE REFUGE,



MADISON, WISCONSIN

7A H407

We arrived home in all safety on Thursday morning at 10:30 completing  
 our trip of 9470 miles. It has been a wonderful trip but not in good  
 will write soon as we get settled. *Will write soon as we get settled.*

THIS SPACE FOR WRITING MESSAGES \* to home.

Dear Aunt & Cousin,

arrived in Bank County  
 Minnesota - on the 1st  
 started. Spent some time  
 in the mountains, Tuesday  
 spent some time there  
 all rest of the week  
 about 1000 miles  
 from home. About 1000  
 miles we had been watching  
 the road with us when we  
 saw the great mountains  
 "the Rockies"

E. A. BISHOP, RACINE, WISCONSIN

"C.T. ART-COLOR-TONE" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

POST CARD

THIS SPACE FOR ADDRESS ONLY

AUG 28  
 3 PM  
 1937  
 N. DAK.



Rev. Samuel A. Duff  
 311 1/2 ...  
 ...  
 a life ...



The 1938  
Lower

WHEATON COLLEGE, WHEATON, ILLINOIS

SAMUEL MOFFETT, Editor  
NORRIS ALDEEN, Business Manager

Antler, N. Dak.  
August 30, 1937

Dear Folks:

It is good to have Charlie and Marion back from their long trek. Alice Louise is shooting up, but remains fatter than ever. Every once in a while I discern a glimmer of intelligence in her actions, and am beginning to think she takes after her Uncle Sam. I was down at Polette Friday and Saturday of this week, and yesterday Charles came up to hold the communion service in my church.

Two weeks of North Dakota, and then school. The summer has flown by. This last month here has seemed much shorter than the first two weeks, thanks to all the friends I've acquired. Among other accomplishments of the summer, I've at last got a foundation started for a file of sermon helps and illustrations. Am particularly pleased with a collection of religious poetry I'm working on--if you see any that can be clipped, I'd appreciate it. Also illustrations.

Was glad you enclosed that letter from Dr. McCune, father. I hear that he's accepted that position at Moody Bible Institute, which means that McCune's will be our Chicago headquarters. Just read a good article by him in the

August issue of the Moody Bible Institute Monthly. On its cover is a beautiful ~~xxxxxx~~ photograph of a Korean temple.

Howard writes of his San Francisco visit to Cousin Cara. By now he is probably in or leaving Phoenix. He also says his best birthday present was the chance to visit Mother before he left. Hope I can have one like that next Easter vacation. When Grandma Wright learned I could read Greek, she presented me with a good Greek Testament her son no longer can use, so I keep brushed up a little on my languages. I left the Testament Dr. Engel gave me back in Wheaton.

All goes smoothly. Charlie and I may enter a tennis tournament in Belcourt the end of this week.

Love to all.

Sen

The 1938  
Lower

WHEATON COLLEGE, WHEATON, ILLINOIS

SAMUEL MOFFETT, Editor  
NORRIS ALDEEN, Business Manager

Antler, North Dakota  
September 5, 1937

Dear Folks:

Tomorrow begins my last week in Antler. Once it was started, the summer has gone too swiftly. Today's chill rain has opened the door to Autumn, and now I am hoping that my last year at Wheaton will linger awhile, and not go quite so fast.

Please consider this my Monday letter, for on the 6th I head for Bottineau and some tennis. Most of the Presb. ministers in this district are coming up for the day, so we call it an unofficial meeting of presbytery. I am ~~am~~ making plans to come under care of this presbytery as the one with whose members I am most familiar. That will enable me to apply for a loan from the Board of Christian Education to help out on seminary expenses. If such is the case I may ~~also~~ put my membership in Charlie's church at Polette for as long as he remains there, and then I will be free to transfer it at any time it may seem advisable.

I received back the endorsed Montgomery Ward check, and was able to cash it with no trouble in Minot. It was dated 1927, and the clerk remarked, "Wish I could keep money that long." Charlie, Marion, the baby and I drove to Minot early this week and did some shopping. We were on our way back to Antler from Polette where I had gone with them on their Young People's picnic.

If you are through with the snapshots I sent you some time ago, may I have them back? I have some more I'll send on to you shortly.

It didn't take me long to discover Dr. Buttrick's modernistic tendencies. His greatest faults seem to be an under-emphasis of the authority of the Bible, and an over-emphasis of the social gospel. Otherwise his book was stimulating.



Do you think mother will have to remain much longer at the Sanatarium? We hope and pray that she may speedily continue her recovery. Was glad to hear that Aunt Susie got down to Monrovia and was able to see mother.

Howard writes of a good visit with Cousin Will in Santa Barbara, and with Cousin Cara in San Francisco. The latest card comes from Phoenix where he is enjoying his stay with Cousin Edith and Mary Jarvie and Patsy. He will probably not have time to hit North Dakota after stopping off with Mr. Chandler in Idaho. So I'll see him next in Wheaton, I reckon.

Charlie and I were talking over the family finances after he returned from California. The financial situation seems well taken care of. Uncle Howard also wrote that all is well along that line, with Jim and Charles making their own way, and Howard and I provided for.

Have you had much contact with the Pentecostal church, father. I believe they call themselves the Assemblies of God. There is one of their tabernacles here in Antler, and I wondered what you knew of them.

Lots of love to all, and an extra lot to mother--

Sam

P.S. I have a book to send you. You asked for it some time ago. Buswell's "What is God?" from his Lamb of God series.

# THE NINETEEN THIRTY-NINE

CARL F. H. HENRY  
Editor-in-Chief

HOWARD F. MOFFETT  
Business Manager

# Tower

WHEATON COLLEGE . . . WHEATON, ILLINOIS

Sept. 19, 1937

Dear Folks:

School has opened and we're busy dusting off books, testing out alarm clocks and stepping on freshmen. My schedule won't be any too light, with work on the Record to keep me busy. I'm taking a special Greek course, beginning on Aristophanes' Frogs. There are only two in Miss Jamieson's class - Grace Vanderpoel and I.

Left Antler Sunday afternoon - it was a great summer. The trip down with Charlie went smoothly. My total earnings for the summer were \$270, and total expenditures, including travel and meals, were \$164, giving me a balance of \$106 with which to start school. The church paid me more than I expected - insisted on my taking it - and all wished me back next summer. I grew to love those people up there.

Roberts is back from Costa Rica a little late, and browner than ever. We registered for him in advance, since his boat did not reach New York until the 13th. The only new student from Korea this year is Dan Kauffman of China. Ruth Bell was planning to come but was prevented from sailing ~~but~~ by the outbreak of trouble in Shanghai.

Ushering seems to be my chief duty as Class President. I've been busy as usher at every affair this week almost. Evangelistic services begin next week, with Dr. Ironsides preaching.

Herewith my schedule:

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
8:00	Greek History		Gr. History		Gr. History
9:00	Anthropology		Anthropology		Anthropology
10:00	CHAPEL	CHAPEL	CHAPEL	CHAPEL	CHAPEL
10:30	Speech	Archaeology	Speech	Archaeology	Speech
11:30					
12:30	LUNCH	LUNCH	LUNCH	LUNCH	LUNCH
1:30					
2:30	Logic		Logic		Logic
3:30					

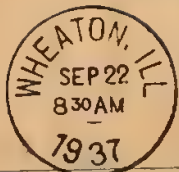
Two hours of Greek - time not yet settled:

It looks like an interesting course.

Yours with love,

Sam

Sam H. Moffett  
320 E. Seminary  
Wheaton, Illinois



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Dr. Samuel A. Moffett  
311 1/2 Wildrose Ave.  
Monrovia, Calif.

Sept. 21, 1937

Dear Father:

Received your check for \$180 this afternoon. It goes in the bank tomorrow. Thank mother for the birthday present. It was grand of her to remember so far back.

Was the rest of the money for any special purpose. I paid my college bill with the money I earned this summer. It was; with \$50 scholarship subtracted:

Tuition, room, fees - \$102.25

Meals (at G. Stanton) - 70.00

Will send you accounts this week.

Love,

Sam

Sam H. Moffett  
320 E. Seminary  
Wheaton, Illinois



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Dr. Samuel A. Moffett  
311½ Wildrose Ave.  
Monrovia, Calif.

W. Dayton Roberts  
Editor-in-Chief  
Clinton Youle  
Associate Editor  
Edmund P. Clowney  
Night Editor  
Frank H. E. Wood  
Night Editor

# THE WHEATON RECORD

Official Publication  
Students of Wheaton College

WHEATON, ILLINOIS

Roy Watson  
Business Manager  
Edward Jameson  
Asst. Business Mgr.  
Edwards E. Elliott  
Advertising Manager

Wheaton College  
Wheaton, Illinois  
Sept. 26, 1937

Dear Folks:

Have passed through a whole week of regular school, and am surviving. Haven't done much studying as yet though - for soccer takes up the better half of the afternoons, and in between times I've been trying to get the Record's news staff functioning smoothly. And besides on two copies of Aeschylus' The Frogs haven't come yet. That's going to be a good course.

Father asked for a financial report. In my regular account at the Gary-Wheaton bank I have left a balance of \$0.77 - which is nothing, and might as well be closed out. In the special account I have \$2000.41. I have paid my school bills, bought my books, paid my life-insurance and all but \$10 of my board for the semester.

Were you ever in a Greek play at U. California, mother?  
Miss Jamieson was telling us about a presentation of The Birds  
she saw one summer at Berkeley. My course is rather queer—  
the History, Anthropology, Drama and Archaeology are all con-  
nected with Ancient History. It's rather one-sided but inter-  
esting.

Went on a marshmallow roast last night - just three couples.  
I was with Betty Tarrant, the girl who comes from Columbia Bible  
College. The other four were Tom Lindsay, president of the student body;  
Barbara Boyes, president of Aelidian Lit. Society - both are from the  
Sciville Memorial church in Detroit, and Tom is going to Princeton with  
me; Roger Mc Shane, president of the Forensic Union and Belkian Lit.  
Assoc.; and Ann Beckley, president of Boethalian. Tom and Roger are  
both debaters - intercollegiate champs of Illinois last year. Sounds like distinguished  
company, doesn't it. Remember how large those offices loomed three years  
ago, and now we're Seniors and big shots. We've a great class, and  
fellows like Tom and Mc Shane are the best in it.

Dr. Tronsider who is conducting the week of evangelistic ser-  
vices at the College this semester is a real Scotch preacher. Have you  
ever heard him? He is pastor of the Moody Memorial church. I've been  
working hard all week as head-washer at the meetings.

How's the touch-football,  
Thomas?

Lots of love,

Sam H. Moffett



Wheaton College

Wheaton, Ill.

October 10, 1937

Dear Folks:

There is wailing and gnashing of teeth on the campus. We lost the North Central football game, 12-7, and we might just as well have won it, since we made 14 first downs to their seven. There was some interesting rioting about the goal-posts after the game.

Grading Greek papers takes up quite a bit of time, but it's making me dig out my old Grammar and learn some fundamentals. Our Aristophanes have come, and we're pounding out 100 lines a lesson. It's really not as hard as I expected.

So Tom thinks football is kind of screwy. That's what Gene and Addison Soltan think too. You'll get on to it - but it doesn't beat soccer and basketball and tennis.

Saw Mr. Wood in church this morning. He is just stopping off on his way through to the East.

Uncle Howard writes that he has placed 25 shares of Belt RR and stockyards common stock (\$50<sup>00</sup> each) in my name in Madison. I am to endorse the dividend checks and send them on to you. He also transferred to me from Mother's name the Real Estate certificates of Liquidating Trust. I will also endorse and send on to you the occasional dividend checks from this.

I've been busier than I expected this year. I thought that with no Tutor I'd have minutes to burn, but the Record and studies and soccer fill the day rather well. I did manage to work in a date Saturday night, however. Took Betty Tarrant to the zoo party. The zoo is where Alden, Lindsay, McShane, Frame etc. live. Howie also had a date with Martha Anderson.

Mr. Soltan is back from New York. He spoke at prayer meeting Wednesday night at the College Church, but I couldn't get over to hear him. There was a Student Council meeting at the same time.

We continue to pray for Mother's return to <sup>health,</sup> ~~help,~~ and hope she will soon be able to leave the sanitarium.

Lots of love,  
Jan

320 E. Seminary Ave.  
Wheaton, Illinois  
October 24, 1937

Dear Folks:

We were certainly thankful that father was unhurt in the auto accident. It might easily have been so much more serious. News that mother is improving also encourages us, but we know that recovery will probably be very slow.

Glad that Tom likes the bike. Maybe it'll give him some exercise, and keep him from becoming a muscle-bound foot ball player. What are your subjects in school, Murtso? I guess Greek isn't on the grade-school curriculum. How you must miss it.

Yesterday was a big day for Wheaton. Five athletic victories. Some might not agree, but to me the most important was our 2-1 win in soccer over the Baltic Athletic club of Rockford. We beat them last year on a couple of freak scores when they called themselves the Swedish-American Gym club. This year we really outplayed them. And Howard headed in our winning goal. Vickers scored our first goal. It was also right

noble the way we beat Elmhurst and spoiled their Homecoming - 7-6. Elmhurst was all set to win that game - the Elmhurst business man had even donated a trophy to the winners. But we fooled them. In the morning the freshmen beat the DeKalb freshmen and the cross-country team beat DeKalb but lost to Illinois Normal. The Academy added to the list of victories by taking over St. Albans 14-0.

Six weeks' exams are over, thank heaven. I didn't do so badly - a 95 in Greek history, a 94 in Dramatic Expression, and an 80 in Logic, which was highest in the class. Haven't received my grades yet in Archaeology and Anthropology. We had no exam in Greek.

Haven't heard from Marion and Charles for some time, and so we're not sure whether to expect Marion for Homecoming or not. We certainly hope she can get here.

I was called on for a 5-minute extempore at the Arrow informal given to freshmen at the College church Friday night. I'm not so fast at thinking on my feet, but luckily the topic was on Korea, and it's not hard to talk about home.

Lots of love,  
Sam

Wheaton College  
Wheaton, Illinois  
Oct. 30, 1937

Dear Folks:

It has certainly been a grand Homecoming!

Charlie couldn't come, of course, but Marion did - and Alice Louise. I've created a campus sensation by walking around the college carrying Alice. And were we ever thrilled to drive Charlie's big new Dodge around. Marion dropped in Thursday night. Friday she went in to Moody Bible Institute and shopped down in the loop. You can't keep girls away from store windows.

That evening at lit I ran into Dr. Kenny Geizer - just returned from China. Marion had been so anxious to see his wife, who was her best friend at Moody, and had no idea they had returned to Wheaton yet. Friday evening too we tore around in the Homecoming snake dance through town and the big bonfire on the athletic field.

Saturday the alumni upset the undefeated freshman football team and beat them 13-6; the Sophs barely nosed out the fresh in the pushball contest - the score was 1-1 but at the end of the game the ball was just 3 yds. over the center in fresh territory; and the fresh redeemed themselves by winning the girl's ~~tie~~ tug-of-war.

We lost our Homecoming football game 6-0 to Illinois College. They are leading the conference, and we almost broke their record of no defeats. They scored on a poor center deep in our territory. That night we went to our Howard's Tower concert. Incidentally, he had box seats for us - and the Chicago Business Men's Symphony orchestra was really good - 115 pieces.

We're glad that Marion doesn't have to leave until Wednesday or Thursday. Tonight we will drive into the Moody Memorial church to hear Dr. Bronsides.

Grades are out - 95 in Greek history, Aristophanes; 90 in Expression (there were no 95's), 90 in Archaeology, and 85 in Logic - which was the highest grade Dr. Straw gave. No grade in Anthropology yet. Better start raising those next six weeks, I guess. Wish I had more time.

I am enclosing an endorsed check for \$34.27 on the Apartment Liquidation Trust. These checks come to me to be forwarded as arranged by Uncle Howard.

Keep good, Mutos. Don't run over more than five pedestrians a week with that bicycle.

to pray for Mother.

Yours with love to all, and we continue

Sam

Jamaica, R.I.  
Thanksgiving Day.  
Nov. 25, 1937

Dear Folks:

This is last Sunday's letter.  
Things happened too fast for letter-writing  
then.

I suppose you heard from Uncle  
Howard about Howie's appendectomy in  
West Chester. It happened so suddenly -  
a sick-headache and stomach-ache at 4 Saturday  
morning that hung on until Clinton called his  
doctor at eight. Doctor Dickson diagnosed it  
at once as appendicitis, feared the appendix had  
ruptured since pain had ceased, and rushed  
Howard to the doctor hospital for an emergency  
operation. Providentially, the appendix was intact,  
but was 4 times normal size, and might have

We lost Monday to Princeton 2-0, another game I think we'd have won with Howe. Archie Fletcher played a great game at center-half for the Tigers. I stayed overnight at the Missionary Apts. with the Bernheisel's, and met the Will Baird's and the Fletcher's. I also met Miss Bull, a lady I had guided through the Vatican in Rome on our way around the world.

Had a grand time Tuesday at West Point. We were treated royally. Was especially interested to watch the plebs, first year men, sitting so stiffly at attention as they ate. We lost 4-1 to one of the best teams in the country. Army has a squad of 150 out for soccer. We at least have the satisfaction of being the second team to score on them this year.

Yesterday, at last we found a forward line combination that checked. We broke up our defense and sent Dayton from left



broken within two hours. But now Howard is coming along grand. Clinton was surprised to see how well he came out of the operation. It was very, very disappointing to Howard, however, to miss all the fun of the soccer trip.

And the soccer team missed him. What a hole he left in the forward line. He had scored in every game he had played in this year. The team just didn't click without him that afternoon - no punch in the offense, - and we lost to West Chester State Teacher's 1-0. Clinton and Louise were certainly grand to us, and helped so much in arranging for Howard. Sunday evening the soccer team held a service in a Reformed Episcopal church in Philadelphia. Doc Cardiff preached, and the church gave us an offering we didn't expect. The church team voted to devote the \$35 to Horrie's train-fare back to Wheaton.

full-back to fill in for Houie and at center forward. And he scored the goal that beat St. John's University of Brooklyn, 3-2.

Those 4 games in 5 days left me mighty stiff, and quite ready to enjoy this grand Thanksgiving Day with Jim, Eleanor and Uncle Tom.

I'm thinking of coming out to California for the Christmas Holidays. Do you think it will be wise? I missed out on the reunion this summer, so it's been quite a while since we talked things over.

Keep at the studies, Mutsu. And don't tie up Monrovia traffic with that bicycle.

Lots of love,  
Sam

Sam H. Moffett  
Wheaton College  
Wheaton, Ill.



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Dr. Samuel A. Moffett  
311 1/2 Wildrose Ave.  
Monrovia, Calif.

Dec. 1, 1937

Dear Folks:

I'm swamped with exams and make-up work, so I'll just make it a post-card this week.

Howard is coming along fine - has been writing good letters and will probably be back next week.

We won our last two soccer games. Dayton scored in both. 3-2 against St. Johns University in Brooklyn, and 1-0 against Oberlin, Ohio. I was pretty sore and tired when we hit Wheaton at 5:30 a.m. Sunday, but I'm recuperating nobly.

Mutso, Coach McKellin says to get to Wheaton quick. They need more soccer players.

Lots of love,  
Sam

# THE NINETEEN THIRTY-NINE

# Tower

CARL F. H. HENRY  
Editor-in-Chief

HOWARD F. MOFFETT  
Business Manager

WHEATON COLLEGE . . . WHEATON, ILLINOIS

December 5, 1937

Dear Folks:

It's cold enough this morning to freeze an Eskimo, and the car we just about pushed out to Mooseheart had no heater in it. I hope to thaw out by noon. At least I can psychologically warm myself up by thinking of Charlie and Marian knocking icicles off the stove in the frozen wastes of North Dakota. Mutso, I think California is too good for you--you need a little of this Wheaton weather to make a man of you.

I refuse to feel sorry for Howie any more. The latest word from him is that he's left West Chester and has skipped up to New York to recuperate for a few days with Jim. I guess he's taking it pretty easy, though. And Christmas vacation he'll have to give over to making up all the work he's missed.

This is Sunday evening. I had to prepare some for preaching in Chicago this late afternoon at the Chicago Hebrew Mission. Seven Wheatonites went in. Four of them sang and gave testimonies, Miss Cumming, head of the League extension work conducted the Bible drill, and I gave a message. I had a bad cold all day, was hoarse and coughed clear up to the time of the sermon, but my throat cleared as soon as I began to speak. It was a real answer to prayer, because I was barely able to speak when I taught my Sunday School class this morning.

I wish I weren't quite so rushed these days. In addition to two exams I must take early this week, I must finish a long Anthropology term paper and memorize a piece for the Christmas Expression recital. One encouraging thing though, on my application for degree I discovered that my average for the first three years was sufficient for summa cum laude. I would certainly like to keep up the average for this last year. I had thought previously that my averages for last year had brought me down too low.

Mother's letter was a joy. Aristophanes is going along swimmingly, much easier than I expected. We're assigned between 70 and 100 lines a lesson, and it takes me only an hour to do

it. Herodotus next semester which is supposed to be easier. But I fear those comprehensive exams which are looming far ahead. Too much grammar there. Incidentally, have I told you that I am no longer grading Greek papers. For the rest of this semester I'm student assistant in the journalism department instead of the Greek department, which really means that I'm getting pay now for the work I've been doing all along as news editor of the Record. I couldn't grade the Greek and still have enough time for the Record, so for the rest of the semester I'll stick with the rag, and then probably go back to Greek.

Basketball and wrestling season is here. We won our first bb game Saturday 41-36 against Elmhurst, scoring 15 points to come from behind in the last seven minutes. But basketball doesn't seem the same without Howie in there. Our soccer trip ended here with a blaze of glory, the school was right behind us even if we did lose three games. They're quite proud of us for opening up athletic relations with Princeton and Army. And Howie is a campus hero.

But I'm going to try and get some sleep tonight, and see if I can't knock this cold. I hope Mutso is still going to bed at 8:00. You're young still, and should toddle off to sleep immediately following the evening repast.

Lots of love,

Sam.

P.S. Lost my pen on the soccer trip, worse luck. I'll be seeing you Christmas, I still think.

Dear Father:

I'm sending this on back to you, as you asked. Howard won't be here until the middle of next week, probably, so I won't keep it. You seemed to want it back as soon as possible.

My, I was glad to get that letter from Mother. It's been so long since we had one from her, and this one sounded so reasonable. But you must be careful not to make things at the sanatorium. As well as I can see, recovery is very slow.

I've pretty well made up my mind to come out Christmas, even if

Howard can't. I can get cheap  
rates on the railroad now, which will  
help out financially, and winter  
driving through the mountains is not  
as safe as it might be.

Lots of love,

Sam



Wheaton College  
Wheaton, Illinois  
December 12, 1937

Dear Folks:

I'm going to be seeing you a week from tomorrow--a joyful thought. I've changed my plans, though, about coming by train. Paul Raynor is driving out Frank Wood's grandmother's car, and he gave me too good a rate to resist. I'll be going with him for \$20 round trip, whereas the usual rate by car is \$25 one way. We'll be leaving around Friday noon, and hope to hit Monrovia late Monday, driving the Southern route via Dallas as we did last Easter. The car's a new Ford, so the trip should be all right, the heater will keep us warm and the radio will amuse us.

Six weeks grades are out, and I'm still hanging on by the skin of my teeth, will probably graduate in June if fortune favors. Old Doc Straw, the reprobate, came through and socked me down for an 80 in Logic. Last six weeks he loosened up and gave me an 85, the only one in either section. He's entirely too conservative when it comes to grades--just last semester the highest grades he gave in logic were two 85s, and he won't scale. My lowest grade for the last three years has been a 90, but I'm afraid Straw will fool me. Miss Cobb gave me a 90 in expression, and is making a fool out of me in the Christmas expression recital Tuesday evening--all in the name of art. Moule gave me 95 in Greek history, and Free pulled up my Archaeology grade to 95 this six weeks, thanks to the fact that I led the class on the exam. So the soccer trip didn't do too much harm to my grades. Greek is coming along as smooth as ever.

Incidentally, Mutso, what's all this talk about you going on some sort of a journalism trip. Have you been writing for a school paper, and holding out on us. I'll have to check up on your doings when I get out there to take you in hand. It's probably been a long time since you had a good whipping, but I'll take care of that. Sharpen your degenerate mind on this: If eggs cost 26¢ a dozen, how many can you buy for a cent and a quarter? Also, you'd better start figuring out what we're going to do this vacation. And what do you want for Christmas.

Here's a cheering thought for Mother. I'm breaking down, throwing all pride to the wind, and wearing woolen underwear for the first time in years. My early training has been too much for me. Besides I have a cold I want to get rid of before I hit sunny California. It certainly is grand to be getting letters from you again, Mother.

I've finished all my make-up work except for one exam in Anthropology. My term paper in that subject, Dr. Grigolia liked so well, he's asked me to read it to some sort of a faculty meeting in February, which is encouraging. The other day in class he was talking about the American Museum of Natural History as being the best in the world, and he had been taking some of his lecture material from the Museum's monthly, Natural History. He was quite delighted to learn that Dr. Weyer, the editor, was a cousin of mine. It's nice to have useful cousins, even when they come by marriage.

Howard is coming along grand. He stands wistfully by the ice rink watching us play hockey, but he's taking it easy. I had to give him a bath the other day. I guess December is his ~~zozk~~ month for a bath--getting ready for the New Year, perhaps.

And now until I see you all for a real Christmas together, lots of love to all,

Sam

Monrovia, Calif.

December 22, 1937

Dear Mother:

Tomorrow's a big day for us, mother. Your birthday is mighty important even if it does stick right along next to Christmas. Wish we could celebrate together, but doctors are doctors, and besides it will make Christmas all the brighter if staying in now will give us Christmas at home. My, but it was great to see you Tuesday.

Went sightseeing today as chauffeur to Mrs. Eschelstyn. It was her car we drove out. Whitso came along together with an Aunt Eda and two kids from Lansing, Mich., all relatives from of the Woods. We saw the Kellogg statules, Euclid Ave., Pomona College, and we had a picnic lunch outside the little theater in the Padua hills - a beautiful old olive grove.

The Anthrology paper grows apace - 3 solid, meaty pages written today.

We're waiting for you, mother.

Love,

Sam